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**FRANCE AND CHINA.**

IF the latest reports from the East are entitled to any credit, it is obvious that China has decided to accept the alternative of war with France. The Mandarins who have favoured the Correspondents of European newspapers with their confidences are not, however, to be implicitly believed on their word. They perfectly understand how to assume an imposing attitude and how to talk for effect. When they drop mysterious hints as to the terrible consequences which may be expected to ensue if the legitimate susceptibilities of China are not treated with due tenderness, it is at least possible that they are unconsciously following the example of the English admiral who kept the enemy in check by assuming what he called a "brag countenance" when his gunpowder was exhausted. Nevertheless the reports which seem to show that they have decided on a policy of resistance are plausible, and seem to be borne out by facts. There can be no room for mistakes as to whether or not troops are being collected in the southern ports, or whether warlike measures are being taken all along the coast. Troops which can serve no other purpose than to harass the French are being concentrated on the frontier of Yunnan. The report that the Chinese are going to act on the threats of the Marquess TSENG, and attack the French in Tonquin as the Russians attacked the Turks in Serbia, is probably perfectly well founded. The example is encouraging, and the practice is quite in keeping with Oriental precedents. No Chinese troops will be sent across the frontier to help the Black Flags. That would be an open act of war; and, as long as China can obtain all it wishes without the disturbance of a struggle with a European Power, it will not provoke one with a light heart. Chinese soldiers will be allowed—that is to say, encouraged—to desert. Officers will be given to understand that promotion is to be gained by a timely display of zeal, and the Black Flag leader will be supplied with arms and money. It is a highly convenient, and under some circumstances very effective, way of making war; and for the moment Tonquin offers an excellent field for its employment.

The efficiency of the method must, however, depend mainly on the attitude assumed by France. It is not by any means probable that the French will be disposed to follow the example involuntarily set them by the Turks, and submit to fight on terms dictated to them by an enemy. If they must fight China, they will avail themselves of their great naval superiority to choose their own field of battle. For the moment it cannot be said that they show any sign of appreciating the gravity of the situation. Recent events have proved that the Black Flags are too strong for General BOUET already, and since they have been largely reinforced by so-called deserters from the Chinese army their superiority must be still greater. Yet the French Government persists in refusing to send the strong force necessary to clear Tonquin, according to the opinion of every competent judge. Independent witnesses have asserted that at least ten thousand men will be needed, but not five thousand have been sent. If things take their natural course, the force which must ultimately be sent will scarcely be less than forty thousand men. By insisting on the treaty with Annam M. FERRY is making it almost impossible for China to yield. The offered guarantees respecting the delimitation of the southern frontier must seem a mere mockery to the Chinese AMBASSADOR. His Govern-

ment vehemently objects to seeing the French in a position to have any concern with their frontier at all, and the necessity of accepting guarantees would be hateful to them. The Marquess TSENG must be little versed in the practices of European international law if he does not point out to M. FERRY that by declaring the coast of Annam in a state of blockade the French ADMIRAL has given the best possible proof of the worthlessness of the treaty which is relied on at Paris. It would seem, however, that the French Government has not lost its confidence in the peaceful disposition of the Chinese. From the very beginning the party which favours an active colonial policy has asserted that the Chinese would offer no opposition, but that if by any chance they did it was not to be feared. Now that one-half of the prophecy has been proved to be false, the prophets can hardly avoid insisting on the other half out of a mere regard for their own reputation. As China has shown a determination to have her say in the settlement of Tonquin, it is all the more necessary to show that this is mere parade on her part. The Chinese are habitually spoken of in France as a people who are naturally incapable of fighting, and it is generally hinted that their factitious opposition is a mere scarecrow, invented by the perfidious commercial policy of England. If the French Government also takes this view of the position a war may be considered as inevitable. It is, indeed, highly probable that both parties are relying on the voluntary or involuntary assistance of England. France knows that any war between a European State and China must cause the most serious disturbance to English trade, and relies accordingly on our making every possible effort to keep the peace. China is apparently making a very similar calculation. The Chinese, with the exception of the minority who inhabit the treaty ports, can afford to dispense with foreign trade for a time. There is a considerable party which would be glad to see it put a stop to for ever. Even the loss of the revenue from the Customs which would result from a blockade could be borne with equanimity, as it is already mortgaged to English bankers. The Chinese probably calculate that the bankers would not bear the loss with equal philosophy. Both parties, in fact, calculate very plausibly that, should they fight, the heaviest blows will fall on England, and each hopes in consequence to obtain her help. The happiest solution would be that the French should justify the confidence expressed by Lord HARTINGTON at Sheffield, and ask for the friendly arbitration of England, with a sincere intention of accepting the award.

The position is not one which can be contemplated with any degree of complacency, for the inconvenience of being umpire in such a quarrel very much outweighs the dignity. It would be folly to suppose that either party would listen to our advice unless it was supported by threats, and the position is such as to preclude the use of threats. If China is preparing to resist, we can scarcely consent to put pressure on her in order to compel submission to what everybody in England considers as an unwarranted aggression. To give effective help to China against any civilized Power would, under any circumstances, be almost impossible. It is only too probable that if war ensues England will sooner or later be drawn into the struggle. War against France would be tolerably certain in China to develop into war against all Europeans. It might result in breaking up the Chinese Empire, which is known to be by no means free from discontent, and to contain the elements of dissolution. If that is the consequence of its aggression,

France will have opened a new Eastern question, which might have been left peacefully alone for many years to come. In the meantime another and smaller question which has arisen out of the restless activity of France is by no means settled. Mr. SHAW has been released, but he is not, unless his words have been most grossly misreported, satisfied with his release alone. It is to be supposed that some sort of justification will be offered for his arrest, and since he was finally let go on the ground that there was no reason to suppose that he had committed any kind of offence, he will, if the promises of the French Government have any serious meaning, be indemnified for his imprisonment and his loss. There is, fortunately, every sign that no serious complication will arise out of the trouble in Madagascar. That, however, is only one of many actual or possible causes of quarrel which the present policy of France is creating. By careful steering it may, no doubt, be possible to avoid being drawn into the disturbances in China, at least for the moment; but it is not the less a very serious thing that the peaceful progress of our trade and our relations with a neutral State should be liable to be disturbed at any moment by the aggressive enterprises of a European State which calls itself our friend. There is no wish on the part of any reasonable person to be on other than perfectly friendly terms with France; but, if our trade is to be upset and our interests injured in innumerable ways in the course of our neighbour's colonial enterprises, we may well begin to ask what its friendship is worth.

#### RUTLAND AND THE RURAL CONSTITUENCIES.

THE task of explaining away the Rutland election strains the resources of Radical apologists; though, if they are only anxious to prove that something may be said in the most hopeless case, their ingenuity is equal to the occasion. According to one journal, there were only 300 farmers on the register, and perhaps it is assumed that 194 of the number constituted the remarkable minority. As Mr. DAVENPORT HANDLEY and his supporters had access to the register, it is strange that they should have addressed themselves exclusively to the prejudices and cupidity of a small section of the constituency. According to the *Daily News*, the chief agitator against the rights of landowners was brought down from London in the hope of persuading one-fifth of the whole body of electors that they would profit by the return of the Ministerial candidate. With the same object, all other political questions were left in abeyance, while the occupiers, who, according to the hypothesis, were certain to be outvoted, were exhorted to oppose the landlords. It may also be remarked that independent electors, such as freeholders and tradesmen, are supposed to have been unanimous in their support of Mr. LOWTHER. The commentators on the election who content themselves with chuckling over the approaching disfranchisement of the county of Rutland have a more plausible ground of consolation. Mr. FORSTER, Mr. FAWCETT, and other conscientious Liberals who recognize the claim of minorities to a proportional or limited share of representation, may profitably observe the efficiency of the ancient and existing system in protecting the country from the unqualified supremacy of the multitude. The Liberal organs have taken the opportunity to announce the impending establishment of universal suffrage. Equal electoral districts will complete the exclusion of the whole of the middle class in town and country from political influence.

One disappointed partisan takes comfort in the reflection that in a short time there will be no rural constituencies to rebel against Mr. GLADSTONE. Under the approaching dispensation the constituencies will be so packed as to ensure the predominance of urban opinion even in agricultural districts such as that which includes the county of Rutland. When Mr. HANDLEY and Mr. HOWARD canvassed the tenantry of the county, they forgot to inform them that they were exercising the franchise for the last, or nearly the last, time. The Rutland farmers might have failed to appreciate the advantage of transferring to the great towns the decision of questions as to the admission of diseased or suspected foreign cattle. The same writer who threatens the whole body of tenant-farmers with political extinction anticipates, with much reason, that at the same time aristocratic influence will be annihilated, and that probably large estates may be broken up. It had been thought that the party which introduced the Ballot had

undertaken to render intimidation by landlords impossible; and in this case, if in few other instances, the promise of the innovators has been kept. No landowner in Rutland, or in any other county, can dictate to his tenants, who, if they agree in his political opinions, give him an absolutely independent support. Mr. LOWTHER, a stranger, has been returned by more than four to one, partly perhaps through a feeling of respect to the family which has long had a share in the representation, but principally because the tenantry and the other county electors disapprove of Radical opinions. A similar result has followed in almost all recent county contests, as in the North Riding and North Lincolnshire. The Agricultural Holdings Bill, which was intended to purchase the support of the farmers to the Government, has not served its principal purpose. It must have been edifying to hear Mr. HOWARD's eulogies on a measure which he nevertheless denounces as inadequate.

The managers of the Liberal party probably begin to suspect that their repeated bids for the support of tenant-farmers in the counties have practically failed. Their organs have perhaps for this reason lately intimated that the Bill for the extension of household suffrage to the counties may probably be introduced in the Session of 1884. The proposal of the measure, whether it were passed or rejected, would imply the dissolution of Parliament in the same year. The Ministers have probably not yet decided whether they will appeal to the country or endeavour to acquire additional credit by attempting some previous experiments in popular legislation. They have perhaps not yet appreciated the total indifference of even their own supporters to such innovations as the establishment of a London municipality or a change in the administrative organization of counties. It may be confidently asserted that no proposal of the kind will be satisfactorily discussed if it is known that a general election will take place in the autumn. The time of the dissolution will, in conformity with precedent, be determined by considerations of party expediency; but the uncertainty of such calculations was proved by the mistakes of Mr. GLADSTONE in 1874 and of Lord BEACONSFIELD in 1880. On the whole, the balance of probability is on the side of a dissolution in the course of next year. The most sanguine Liberal must by this time despair of conciliating the disaffected Irish, who will, as recent elections have shown, largely increase the number of their representatives in a new House of Commons. The rumour that, in deference to the PARNELL faction, the Ministers will introduce a measure for establishing local governing bodies, or authorized branches of the National League, is, even after all that has passed, barely credible. The English boroughs will probably return a Ministerial majority, though the organization of the Caucus has fallen into partial discredit. There are no bribes to be offered to the county constituencies, for the Agricultural Holdings Bill will at least remain in force till it has been tried, and the tenantry care little for the proposed creation of rural municipalities.

The result of a general election may perhaps in some degree depend on Mr. GLADSTONE's personal course. He has often expressed with evident sincerity his wish to retire from office, and it is uncertain whether he may yield to the urgency of his followers, who will be anxious to conduct the struggle under his auspices. In 1880 the party had the great advantage of appealing to the confidence which different sections of the constituency might respectively repose in two supposed representatives of dissimilar opinions. Lord HARTINGTON was then expected to offer securities to moderate Liberals, while Mr. GLADSTONE, on sufficient grounds, rallied round him the advanced and revolutionary factions. Experience has since proved that as long as Mr. GLADSTONE leads the party, the opinions and wishes of his colleagues are of secondary importance. If he retires before the election his successor will not excite any kind of popular enthusiasm. Lord HARTINGTON may not have lost reputation for administrative ability, and as a speaker he improves with practice, though he makes no pretension to oratorical power; but he has perceptibly shaken the belief in his prudence and moderation, and Mr. GLADSTONE has destroyed the influence which he was gradually acquiring as a sagacious party leader. It is not known that Lord HARTINGTON has opposed the extreme section of the Cabinet in Irish questions; nor has he at any time dissented from Mr. GLADSTONE's more violent outbursts. It is perhaps not generally remembered that Lord HARTINGTON, as Secretary of State for India, was the first to recommend to the VICEROY the mischievous and dangerous legislation which



has since been promoted by Lord RIPON. It is not even certain that the Ministry would survive Mr. GLADSTONE's departure; but perhaps Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may judge that the time has not yet come for precipitating the rupture which he obviously contemplates.

It is nearly certain that one more election will be held under the present electoral law. The Household Suffrage Bill will of course be carried in the House of Commons, and it is not even certain that the Opposition will divide against the second reading. The battle will probably be fought on an amendment to the effect that the scheme of redistribution ought to be simultaneously introduced. The Government will certainly not be prepared with such a measure, and the majority will no doubt accept the simpler proposal. Probably two-thirds of the members will privately regard the extension of the suffrage as an unmixed evil; but it is an invidious duty to resist the enfranchisement of claimants who will have the opportunity of revenging themselves as soon as they are admitted to the franchise. The House of Lords will be perfectly justified in refusing to pass on the first occasion a measure of primary importance which has never been submitted to the constituencies. It is at least possible that many of them, when they understand the issue, may decline to facilitate their own abolition. Rutland is evidently not anxious to be swamped by a mass of urban voters; nor, indeed, would the farmers, even if there were no question of redistributing seats, willingly transfer the entire control of county representation to the labourers. The smaller boroughs and counties will by that time have learned that, if they are not prepared to surrender their political existence, they must fight the battle on the Bill for extending the suffrage. The ultimate victory will perhaps rest with the revolutionary faction; but all other Liberals have received fair warning that a County Franchise Bill is intended as a step to universal suffrage. The House of Lords, in rejecting such a measure at the far-end of a Parliament, will be assured of support and sympathy. If the new Parliament reaffirms the decision in favour of a uniform franchise, the House of Lords will have no choice but to acquiesce.

#### GORITZ AND PARIS.

THE most striking tribute that has been paid to the Count of CHAMBORD is the testimony borne by the incidents of the funeral to the character of the surroundings amidst which his life was passed. For a man to emancipate himself from the influence of a wife, when that influence is directed to strengthen the meaner and more personal elements in his own character, is a mark of considerable strength of purpose; and all the world now knows what the Count of CHAMBORD would have done in his lifetime if he had only listened to the COUNTESS. The temper which led her to insist on giving the place of chief mourner to the COUNT's nearest relation, and not to his titular successor, would have led her to make a similar disposition of the succession itself. That the Count of CHAMBORD could not have done so to any purpose does not really affect the question. The Countess of CHAMBORD doubtless believed that he could dispose of it—believed, that is, that the Legitimist party would prefer to see the Royal House represented by one who was next in blood to HENRY V., who inherited his political opinions, and who wanted nothing but the consecration which a testamentary adoption would have given him to unite in his single person all that Frenchmen of the right sort can wish to see in their King. There was much in this reasoning that must have commended itself to the Count of CHAMBORD's mind; and it does him the more honour that he should have steadfastly resisted it. The particulars of the visit which the Count of PARIS paid him when he was first supposed to be dying, trivial as they seemed at the time, are now explained. The COUNT's determination that the Count of PARIS should not be kept from his bedside even by the orders of the physicians; his ostentatious embrace of a man for whom he could have felt neither admiration nor affection; his express direction that at breakfast the Count of PARIS should sit in his own place—the King's place—had all a meaning. They were intended as a final protest against the line of conduct which the Countess of CHAMBORD would have wished him to follow, and which he had good reason to believe that, so far as it might be open to her to do so, she would follow when he was dead. The COUNT was resolved that, whatever she might do in this

way, no one should be able to say that it was done at his bidding or with his consent. In this way he deprived the future action of the COUNTESS of all political significance. No expression that she could give to her own wishes would affect in even a remote degree the devolution of the titular crown. The slight offered to the Count of PARIS at Goritz now takes rank as a mere passing display of feminine dislike. The Countess of CHAMBORD has had one opportunity of proving in what estimation she holds the Princes of ORLEANS, and she has made full use of it. But it is impossible to say what effect this exhibition might not have had upon the fortunes of the Royalist party in France if it had been sanctioned beforehand by the Count of CHAMBORD. That it was not so sanctioned—that, on the contrary, it was in the most marked manner cancelled by anticipation—is a remarkable proof of the extent to which the COUNT could, when need was, subordinate private feeling to public duty.

It is natural that the Republican newspapers should make the most of the breach which has thus been disclosed. It really amounts to nothing more than often exists between a dowager and the new head of the family; but it is not their cue to paint it in these subdued colours. In their hands its proportions swell and grow until it becomes an incurable schism between the Irreconcilable Legitimists who adhere to Don CARLOS, and the Opportunist Legitimists who follow the Count of PARIS. As a matter of fact, this schism exists only in the Republican imagination. Unwise as the French Legitimists have often shown themselves, they are not capable of doing such violence to history and common sense as would be involved in making a pretender of a man who does not even bear a French name. As Legitimists they are bound to hope that at some future day Frenchmen and Spaniards will alike recognize their obligations, and submit themselves to their hereditary sovereign. In that case France and Spain would be united under one monarch, and one of the most solemn acts of European diplomacy would be set at defiance. Frenchmen who are not Legitimists may be excused if they are unable to conceive this contingency as actually occurring; but Legitimists have no right to take shelter under any such plea. They cannot cease to regard such a combination as possible without deserting their own principles. Of what folly they might have been guilty if the Count of CHAMBORD had set them the example it is impossible to say; but they are not likely to lose their heads at the invitation of his widow. The declaration signed on the afternoon of the funeral by the Duke of ROCHEFOUCAULD-BISACCIA puts their sanity on this point beyond the reach of question. The "French assembled at Goritz" do not waver in their fidelity to the principles that have so long guided them. But though they are there to "pay a last homage to the King" who has not only commanded their allegiance but also shared their convictions, they have another duty to discharge, and that is to "hail in the Count of PARIS the Head of the House of France." That is their answer to the question virtually put to them by the Countess of CHAMBORD. The COUNT himself wished to spare them this ordeal, and though he failed in this he has still been able to deprive it of the possible uncertainty that under other conditions might have attached to the result. Schism in the Royal family there may be, but there is not a trace of any schism in the Royalist party.

The Republican Government could not have done a wiser thing than allow the funeral service at the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the "Royal parish," to be celebrated with all the pomp that Royalist devotion could give to it. Whether they feel confidence in the permanence of their victory over monarchical ideas or not, it is plainly good policy to assume it. Nothing would so surely weaken the Republic in the eyes of indifferent Frenchmen as any exhibition of mistrust in its own future. The attitude of the authorities in Paris on Monday was rational and dignified. They showed no uneasiness at the imposing spectacle provided by Royalist piety; they made no attempt to mulct the ceremonial of any of its magnificence. Their composure may soon be subjected to a more severe trial. Unless the feeling of the Advanced Left has greatly changed within the last few months, an agitation for the banishment of the Count of PARIS must very soon begin. It was demanded when he was much less formidable than he is now, and when he had done nothing that could possibly be construed into an assumption of Royal pretensions. Now he is undoubtedly a dangerous adversary, and however anxious he may be to keep his Royal character in the shade, there are those who

will hardly suffer him to do so. Indiscreet partisans will certainly give him the Royal title, and though this could be disregarded when the recipient was an exile who had all his life been at open war with modern notions of government, it may not be so easy to pass over it when the recipient is a man thoroughly familiar with modern ideas of all kinds, and himself a French citizen. The pressure put upon the Government to use the powers lately conferred on them will be great, and it is not very clear where the strength to resist it is to come from. Nor indeed are signs wanting that it may be a part of the Royalist policy to provoke the banishment of the "Head of the House of France." The curious comment on M. HERVÉ's prediction that when the Republicans scent danger they "will attempt a second 'Fructidor,' which appeared in the Paris correspondence in Thursday's *Times*, certainly points in this direction. The Orleanist to whom the remark is attributed is made to say, "I am of M. HERVÉ's opinion, . . . and in that case I should like to see the Princes now composing 'the Royal family of France abroad rather than at 'home.'" The Count of PARIS would be an invaluable hostage if the Republic were once more fighting for its life, and a crisis might come on with too little warning to give him time to cross the frontier. From this point of view, as from every other, it would argue real wisdom on the part of the Republic to leave the BOURBON family unmolested and within reach. But the panic excited by Prince NAPOLEON's manifesto shows that in France at this moment wisdom is a commodity the demand for which is greatly in excess of the supply. The Government may resist all proposals to make the Count of PARIS pay for the Count of CHAMBORD's death; but it will not be surprising if his banishment is ultimately proposed by M. FERRY in the guise of a judicious compromise between extreme ideas on both sides.

#### LONDON MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

IF the next Session is not exclusively occupied with Irish affairs, or with an alteration of the franchise, the Bill for abolishing the Corporation of London and establishing a metropolitan municipality will probably take precedence of other Government measures. The scheme will in many respects be plausible, and it is doubtful whether it may encounter an organized opposition; but it is highly desirable that the importance of the change should be fully understood. The process by which other towns can obtain municipal institutions is not applicable to London; but one condition of the assent of the Privy Council to incorporation is an expression of the general wish of the inhabitants. It is not a little remarkable that the London agitators have never succeeded in obtaining even a show of popular support. The present governing bodies of metropolitan districts, and apparently their constituents, are either indifferent or hostile to the scheme. The only names which are associated with the movement are those of a comparatively obscure member of Parliament and of an active tradesman. An Association for the promotion of the measure has never even attracted general attention, though its objects are approved by a few Radical clubs or parochial caucuses. It may therefore be confidently asserted that the motives of the municipal reformers are exclusively political. The objections to the incorporation of the metropolis are of the same nature. It is not impossible that under a central Corporation London may be almost as well administered as at present, as long as the control of the police is retained by the Government. But the establishment of a powerful representative body in the capital may, especially in times of excitement, involve serious danger. The existence of provincial Corporations furnishes no precedent for the municipal government of a population as large as that of Scotland.

A writer in the *National Review* contributes little to the practical controversy by an antiquarian essay on the early importance of London. The great power exercised by large cities in mediæval Europe arose partly from their wealth and commercial influence, and more directly from their ability to put large armies in the field when there were few professional soldiers. The independence of the great Italian cities was maintained by their superiority in numbers to ordinary feudal levies; and by the same means Ghent, Bruges, Liège, and other Low Country towns frequently offered formidable resistance to the Earls of Flanders, the Dukes of Burgundy, and the Kings of

France. The civic forces were generally more than a match for their enemies in the field, and as long as they fought in the neighbourhood of their own walls they needed no commissariat. In England, except during the Wars of the Roses and in the later civil wars, the City of London was rarely involved in warlike operations; but it owed the respect in which it was held, and the maintenance of its ancient rights, to its resources in men and in money. Even in the reign of GEORGE III. the City made itself troublesome, if not formidable, to the Government by opposing its privileges to those of the House of Commons. Thoughtful politicians have been since in the habit of regarding with complacency the survival of corporate splendour and hospitality, when all power of interference in political struggles has become obsolete. The proposed substitution of King Stork for King Log is so far inconsistent with the old fable that the probable sufferers by the experiment have not solicited the change. The military power of great cities on the Continent is still considerable. The National Guard of Paris, though it failed to cover itself with glory during the siege in 1870, was strong enough to maintain a civil war against the Government for several weeks after the surrender of the city to the Germans. In the absence of a Channel Tunnel, England is happily exempt from the dangers which result from military training of the populace; but a Metropolitan municipality will certainly claim the direction of the police, and its demand may not improbably be hereafter conceded by a weak or factious Government. The promoters at the present time of local government in Ireland might plausibly contend that in arming a democratic English municipality they were committing a less criminal act of folly.

It is by voting, and not by fighting, that great masses of men are in these times likely to endanger freedom, and to oppress a helpless minority. The two largest cities after London have had painful experience of the misgovernment of a municipality representing exclusively the poorest classes. In New York the local taxes are three or four times as large as in London, and the welfare and convenience of the inhabitants are to a great extent neglected. The ratepayers, and the writers who vainly attempt to defend their interests, have often contended that those who bear the burden ought in municipal, if not in political matters, to have an effective voice; but the constituents of the Corporation, and especially the Irish electors, have no intention of abdicating their profitable supremacy. The municipality of Paris is controlled by professed Jacobins, to the exclusion of all respectable and moderate citizens. Even the Republican Government and Legislature have thus far shrunk from the risk of entrusting to the municipality the control of the police; nor have they consented to revive the formidable office of Mayor of Paris. The post would undoubtedly be occupied by some demagogue, who might, as opportunity occurred, not improbably become the leader of a rebellion. Even during the Reign of Terror the Commune of Paris exceeded the Mountain and the Committee of Public Safety in bloodthirsty violence, and the least discreditable act of ROBESPIERRE was his execution of HÉBERT and CHAUMETTE. No one, according to the proverb, becomes suddenly a Jacobin or a Communist, and it is not suggested that the new Lord Mayor and Town Council will initiate massacre or civil war; but they will be returned on political grounds without regard to personal fitness, and the vast revenues and great power of the Corporation will be monopolized, as at Birmingham, by a faction. It is on this ground that the local Radical clubs unanimously support a measure which has been neither demanded nor approved by any non-political body.

It might possibly be worth while to incur a serious risk for some great practical advantage; but, whatever arguments Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may hold in reserve, Mr. FIRTH and Mr. BEAL, who during his compulsory silence occupy the ground, have not convinced any reasonable and impartial person that the streets will be better paved, or any detail of administration better managed, under the new dispensation. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself must by this time have discovered that he was mistaken from beginning to end in the singular allocation which he addressed to the deputation which came to him to complain of the Water Companies. Happening to be much more deeply interested in his own suspended Bill than in the supply of water to the metropolis, he taunted the deputation with the alleged helplessness of a community which was not yet blessed with a Mayor and Corporation. On a second occasion he proposed that the future Corporation should provide an alternative supply,



in defiance either of statutory prohibition or of uniform Parliamentary practice. When he learned, apparently for the first time, that the Act of 1875 rendered such a course impossible, Sir W. HARCOURT hastily assumed that the prohibition had only been enacted eight years ago. He is now aware that since 1848 no public body can provide a water supply if a Company discharges the duty with reasonable efficiency. He may perhaps also have reflected that the rule is founded on obvious public expediency as well as on simple justice. More than half the waterworks in the kingdom have been constructed by Companies since 1848, and none of them would have been undertaken but for the security afforded by the Act. In no instance, large or small, has Parliament allowed the rates to be used for purposes of competition with private undertakings. Sir W. HARCOURT will scarcely repeat, when he introduces his Municipal Bill, the monstrous proposal that fifteen or twenty millions should be wholly wasted for the exclusive purpose of driving a hard bargain with the Companies.

It is only by reason of temporary carelessness that an able and experienced administrator, who is also an accomplished lawyer, can have fallen into so odd a succession of mistakes. Many less competent advocates of the municipal project seem to imagine that a London Corporation would be relieved from all the disabilities which attach to other municipal bodies. It is scarcely to be supposed that Parliament will allow any municipal body, however large, to be judge in questions affecting rights of property in which it may itself be interested. If the new Municipality wishes, when it is constituted, to obtain possession of the water supply or the gas supply, or to take for public purposes land or houses belonging to private persons, it must obtain the necessary powers from Parliament, with the inevitable condition of paying the full value to the dispossessed owners. If the water undertakings were vested in the Corporation, it might or might not effect an improvement for which the present Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works have already ample power. The quality of the water as delivered is, as a rule, excellent; but, in consequence of the system of intermittent supply, it often becomes corrupted in the cisterns. The governing bodies have for several years had the power of requiring the Companies to give a constant supply, and of compelling the consumers to provide the requisite fittings. A not inconsiderable part of London already receives constant supply, and the only reason that the system has not become universal is that householders dislike the trouble and the cost of a change. If the new Corporation overcomes their objections, it will have discharged one useful function. It would be unjust to attribute to any municipality the folly of providing a new supply.

#### RECENT DISASTERS.

THE large class of persons who find a pleasure in reading about the more striking kind of horrors have had every reason to be satisfied with their paper for some time past. Reports of little wars, such as that which is now going on in Tonquin, and rumours of approaching great wars in Europe have been the daily food of newspaper readers for many years past. It is only at intervals that natural convulsions and great accidents come so fast one upon another as they have done lately. We have scarcely had time to forget the Austrian earthquakes, the almost total destruction of the island of Chio, and the great floods in Germany, before another series of disasters has begun on an even larger scale. While the emotion caused by the ruin of Ischia was still fresh, reports have been received of a ten times more terrible convulsion on the other side of the world. It is a natural though selfish consolation that we ourselves have as yet escaped very lightly. After several years of wet and storms and floods, what is by comparison a fairly good harvest has been vouchsafed to us. The gale of Sunday and Monday was severe, but not more severe than autumn storms usually are, and though it has caused a large amount of damage it has not been accompanied by any exceptionally terrible disaster. The loss of the barque *G. J. Jones* in Perran Bay is indeed a melancholy story; but it is an insignificant disaster in comparison with the collisions between crowded passenger steamers which happen several times a year. As the pilot and the responsible officers have all perished, the best judges will perhaps be unable to decide whether the loss of this barque was in any degree due to bad seamanship. As far

as can be seen, everything which was possible under the circumstances was done to try to save the crew. It is satisfactory to find that there is no foundation for the report that the only life-boat in the neighbourhood was found to have a hole in the bottom; but the satisfaction is dashed by the intelligence which reaches us at the same time that the crew "had partaken of spirits rather freely." The fact that, as the vessel lay, it would have been impossible for the life-boat to reach her, makes it a matter of no practical importance, as far as this case is concerned, whether or not it was in a proper condition to be used; but the state of things revealed is not the less scandalous. It may also be concluded, without any great want of charity, that such stories as that of the hole in the boat would not be told at all if life-boats were not sometimes kept merely for show. They are often given by charitable persons to small towns on the coast, and it is at least possible that they are neglected from the want of a proper authority to see that they are kept in order. This wreck, however, melancholy as it was, belonged to what may be considered the inevitable and legitimate misfortunes of the seafaring life. It was, at least, not produced by reckless haste to reach port. When we consider how many vessels were at sea near the coast all through the gale, and remember the damage done by the storm of last year, we may well consider ourselves fortunate in having escaped so easily.

The storm itself was an insignificant misfortune compared with the awful disaster which has befallen the islands of Java and Sumatra. Even the earthquake at Ischia may almost be called trifling in comparison. Full details are still wanting, but it is only too certain that the loss of life has been terrible. As a general rule, when such things happen, the first accounts are found, on inquiry, to have been exaggerated; but this time the reverse has been the case. The first report put the probable number of the killed at thirty thousand. Later accounts state the loss of life to have been three times greater than that. It may be hoped that there has been some exaggeration, and it is obvious that the estimate can as yet be only guesswork; but trustworthy reports show that the disaster has been on a scale which makes any loss of life seem possible. Two islands have sunk under water, the sea has swept over large towns, and a great stretch of coast has been reduced to ruin. The mere repetition of unfamiliar names can do little to make the whole scope of the disaster intelligible; but the facts that a European garrison and fort have disappeared, and that the Dutch Government cannot learn whether any of its agents have escaped in the whole of a great district, can easily be realized. It is as if we were told that Trincomalee had disappeared, and that it could not as yet be discovered whether a single inhabitant of the Northern and Eastern provinces of Ceylon had escaped with his life. At the best their life is all that will remain to the survivors. The Dutch have the reputation of governing their East Indian possessions somewhat harshly, but they will no doubt do all they can to alleviate the misery of the sufferers. Their utmost, however, can be but little. The inhabitants who have escaped death are condemned to poverty and suffering for years. It is to be hoped that the charity of England, which is often lavished on less worthy objects, will not be found wanting on this occasion. Unless one of the reports sent home is wholly unfounded, the earthquake has produced changes in the form of the coast which will have permanent influence on the Eastern trade of the world. It is said that a plain of volcanic rock has been formed on the coast of Sumatra which makes all communication with Java impossible. Sunda Strait has always been notoriously difficult to navigate, and if this report is well founded it will for the future be altogether impassable, and the ships engaged in the China trade will have to take another and more circuitous route.

The shocking railway accident near Berlin is in some respects more painful to contemplate than the disaster in Java. The number of victims is certainly very small in comparison. As a mere matter of arithmetic, the loss of forty lives is a much less terrible thing than the loss of tens of thousands. The amount of misery caused in the two cases cannot be compared. The accident at Steglitz, however, is particularly shocking, because it has been obviously produced by sheer human bungling and stupidity. With a little foresight and good management, it would have been possible to guard against the occurrence of anything of the kind. But it would really appear that everything had been done to prepare the way for the Steglitz accident. It

is monstrous that passengers should be allowed to cross railway lines from one side of a station to another at all. It is particularly scandalous that no tunnel or bridge should be provided when the station is at a place frequented by bodies of excursionists. The want of any such means of communication made it always possible that an accident would happen; but the officials had to act on a rule which more than doubled the danger. According to the reports, it seems that the passengers were expected to wait on the down side—to use the English phrase—till the train for Berlin was at the platform. When it was there they were allowed to cross in a body. This is perfectly in keeping with the annoying Continental custom of penning travellers up like sheep, and letting them out on to the platform with a rush. It was also perfectly in keeping with German ideas of order and good management that the rule should have been strictly carried out at Steglitz. The spectacle of troops of excursionists straggling by twos and threes across a line was more than the soul of any right-minded German official could be expected to endure. Under the circumstances, however, it was both imbecile and criminal to insist on carrying out the regulation. The officials must have known that the Cologne express was due at exactly the same time as the excursion train, and they acted as if they wished to collect the greatest possible number of people to be run over. What happened was only what might have been foreseen by the help of a little common sense. The passengers collected in a mob on one side of the line, and made a rush as soon as they saw that their own train was in. It is said that the guards shouted and waved lanterns to warn them that the express was coming down, and that no attention was paid. It was a matter of course that no attention should be paid. For all that the passengers could tell they were being ordered to come across, and in any case the crowd behind could neither see nor hear. They pushed forward as soon as they were able to move, in perfect ignorance of the fact that they were thrusting their unfortunate companions under the wheels of a train which was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. The consequences are too horrible to dwell on. It is said that the accident might have been avoided if the Prussian Chamber had voted the money it was asked for some time ago to build a bridge. That may be so; but it is also possible that the bridge would not have been finished, and that the accident would equally have happened. The ill-advised economy of the Prussian Chamber has had far less to do with causing the accident than the pedantic rules which bind the railway officials. If the passengers had been allowed to wait for their train on the platform, the line would have been clear. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that the Steglitz accident will call attention to the fact that in some stations near London passengers are still required to cross the line. It is not the custom to herd them together; but individual passengers have been run over by the express when hurrying to catch their train, and it is always possible that in the excursion season the misfortune might happen on a larger scale.

#### THE AUSTRO-GERMAN ALLIANCE.

THE recent meeting at Salzburg between the German and Austrian CHANCELLORS, coupled with the warning articles addressed to France in the *North German Gazette*, would at any time, even if home politics were not for the moment stagnant, have attracted a good deal of public attention. It seems to be generally recognized that the warnings were intended only as a caution, and not as a note of alarm. Still the tension among the Continental Powers is a permanent fact, and must continue till the causes of it are removed or abated. The Eastern question, on the one hand, and the hostility between France and Germany, on the other, are the two constant reasons, apart from the accidents by which at any time the peace of Europe may be disturbed, why every great Continental Power is compelled to stand continually on the alert. Even the necessary means of defence which the most peaceably disposed among them are compelled to adopt furnish a fresh source of danger. It is impossible to have a great army and a dominant military caste in any country without keeping the martial spirit in full activity. Starting with the Crimean War, which first, after the long peace, gave the impulse to military reorganization in Europe, we have had within less than thirty years six wars in which two or more of the Great Powers have taken part. After the Crimean War came the Franco-Austrian War;

then came the war of Austria and Prussia against Denmark; then the war between Austria and Prussia; then followed the Franco-German War; and, finally, the war between Russia and Turkey. It happens constantly that international disputes are settled amicably, simply because one or both of the two parties may be unprepared to fight; but the fact that all the Continental Powers are compelled, by the force of circumstances and the example of their neighbours, to hold themselves always prepared for war, removes at all events one guarantee for peace.

The interest which Prince BISMARCK and the organs in the German press which he inspires take in French newspapers is probably due to a clear recognition of this fact. Both countries are now armed to the teeth; both are susceptible and irritable with regard to one another; and both are well aware that the occasion for a European war may present itself unexpectedly at any moment. In the state of unstable equilibrium in which Europe now is, the tone of the press in each country is an element which cannot be disregarded in the question whether peace can be maintained or not. The good humour with which we are accustomed in England to take the most violent attacks made on us by the foreign press is apt to blind us to the fact that the pen-and-ink warfare between two Continental countries may easily be the prelude to hostilities of a much more serious kind. Prince BISMARCK's warning to France has certainly been misunderstood in England; and some English papers, and notably the *Times*, have lectured him on his supposed misdeemeanour with a comic gravity. No one who remembers the few weeks which preceded the outbreak of the war between France and Germany in 1870 will forget how nearly peace was preserved, and how surely it would have been preserved if the "light heart" with which, according to M. EMILE OLLIVIER, the French nation went into the conflict had not meant simply a light head. A little reserve and decency on the part of the French press would then, when the question of peace or war was trembling in the balance, have turned the scale in favour of peace. No one knows better than Prince BISMARCK what are the precise dangers to European peace which have at present to be guarded against. He has shown himself, ever since the consolidation of Germany, to be the reverse of the unscrupulous aggressor which the fears and imagination of Frenchmen depict him to be; he is, there is every reason to believe, sincerely anxious to maintain peace; and if, from time to time, he gives a word of warning to France, it is much more likely that he believes there are good grounds for it, than that he does so merely in a fit of ill-humour.

The convocation of the Reichstag at an unusual season, following close upon the article in the *North German Gazette*, seemed to give additional importance to the warning. In fact, however, when the Reichstag met, the most important business given it to transact related to the commercial treaty between Germany and Spain. It is very possible, nevertheless, that when the German Parliament was convoked, it was intended that matters of grave importance should be laid before it; and that, in the interval between the convocation and the actual meeting, the reasons for doing so had disappeared. The chief guarantee of European peace, as we have often pointed out, lies in a cordial alliance between Germany and Austria. The more sincere this alliance is, and the longer it lasts, the more other Powers will recognize its value. It may be hoped that in time those that are peaceably disposed will either formally adhere to it, or at any rate shape their policy on similar lines; while the restlessness and aggressiveness of others will be kept in check by the knowledge that the central European States are together too strong to be attacked with success. It is natural to suppose that the late meeting of the two Chancellors had for its object to reaffirm and to strengthen the good understanding between Germany and Austria. The more conciliatory tone of the latest article in the *North German Gazette* on the relations between France and Germany appears to imply that, if any misunderstanding had a short time ago arisen between the two countries, the occasion of it has now passed away. The substance of this article is that, as long as France respects the provisions of the Treaty of Frankfurt, and neither directly nor indirectly seeks to violate them, Germany will not only refrain from any aggressive action against France, but will be benevolently neutral in any disputes in which France may choose to get involved out of Europe. And here we reach a point which touches very closely the interests and the policy of this country.



It is well known that the new colonial policy of France, which was initiated by the expedition to Tunis, was begun with the approval of Prince BISMARCK; nor is it easy to see what ground he could have for disapproving of it. The first step served to alienate Italy from France and to prepare the way for the admission of Italy into the Austro-German alliance. Whether the acquisition of Tunis is an equivalent for this loss is more than doubtful. The recent policy of France has obliterated in Italy all memories of the services rendered to her in 1859; and the next European war may see the armies and fleets of Italy arrayed against the rival who is striving to exclude her from all influence in the Mediterranean. Prince BISMARCK's knowledge of the French character and of French history has taught him, as it has taught every impartial observer, that if France cannot be aggressive in one direction she is pretty sure to be so in another. French restlessness naturally moves on the line of least resistance; and, as it has become hopeless to attempt the overthrow of Germany, and as the chances of redeeming the defeats of 1870 are indefinitely postponed, some sort of compensation for the wounded national pride has to be sought elsewhere. The French appetite for colonial adventure has grown by what it feeds on. Partly stimulated by their own successes in Tunis, and partly stirred to rivalry by English successes in Egypt, the French have plunged into a series of enterprises outside Europe, in none of which, we may be certain, will Prince BISMARCK put any obstacle in their way. They have, so far, brought France no substantial gain, and they have alienated, to no small degree, the sympathies of this country from her. Nor is this all. They have brought her to the brink of a war with China, in which, if it is vigorously undertaken by that empire, France can only conquer by a large expenditure of men and money, and by seriously weakening her military and naval establishment at home. By this diversion of French ambition into new channels the Continental Powers of Europe are rendered so much the safer, and France, more than at any time since the Franco-German war, now finds herself, not only in a position of complete isolation, but with new enterprises on hand which must prove a constant drain on her resources. It is from this point of view that warnings such as those recently given in the *North German Gazette* should be regarded. The lesson which Prince BISMARCK, ever since the Peace of Frankfurt, has striven to impress on the French mind is this. Germany and her allies are quite strong enough to resist any attack that France and whatever friends she can find may make upon her. But if France, without making any actual attack, chooses to take up an irritating and aggressive attitude towards Germany, it is by no means certain that Germany will not anticipate France and strike the first blow herself. On the other hand, whatever France may choose to do elsewhere than in Europe is no business of Germany's. The prudence and foresight of this policy are verified year after year. France now finds herself in a much weaker position than before she rushed into colonial enterprises. While the Austro-German alliance seems yearly to be growing in strength and intimacy, France is steadily losing friends and frittering away in unprofitable adventures abroad the strength which unforeseen accidents may at any moment call upon her to put forth in Europe.

#### THE HARVEST.

THE most conspicuous fact with regard to the crops of the United Kingdom is that the wheat crop of this year is probably the smallest grown within living memory. It must not be inferred from this statement that the yield per acre is the worst that can be remembered; enough has been ascertained with regard to the produce of the crop now being gathered to make it certain that in many years the yield per acre has been less than it is in 1883. But, taking acreage and yield together, the total growth is very small. For the last ten years the acreage devoted to wheat has steadily declined in quantity, and in round numbers it may be said that in the cereal year just closing there were a million acres less planted with wheat than was the case ten years ago. The cultivation of land for wheat appears to be dying out. It is by no means certain, however, that in this season there was so great a reduction compared with last year as there is—namely, 13 per cent.—by the free choice and judgment of the farmers. It may well be that the competition of the American and Russian and Indian

wheat-fields is forcing our farmers to give up wheat-growing because it is an unprofitable employment of land, labour, and capital, now that the constant and ample supplies from foreign sources deprive them of any compensation in the way of high prices for bad crops; and it must be remembered that bad crops have been the rule for nine years in succession. The last good crop was in 1874, and the last big crop of wheat was in 1868. It has been made as clear as noonday that wheat-growing in this country can pay its way only if the quantity and quality of the produce are both good and a fair price can be obtained. It is not surprising, therefore, quantity, quality, and price having been poor for so many successive years, that the agricultural returns show that a diminishing area of land is under wheat. The diminution, however, of this year is probably so great as it is from causes beyond the farmer's control. Wheat may be sown in the autumn or in the spring. The autumn-sown crop is much more to be relied upon than is the spring-sown, which is notoriously an uncertain crop. Indeed many farmers will not plant wheat in the spring, preferring to devote the land to other purposes. In days when high prices were possible the risk was worth running; but now it is not worth while to incur the chance of failure. As will be remembered, early in the autumn of last year constant rains set in which completely prevented the tillage of the land, and these rains lasted with a strange persistence until the early spring. There are many stories of fields partly sown in October by vigorous pushing farmers, where, before the seeding could be completed, the rains came and stopped the work, and there was no chance of sowing the remainder of the same fields until March, because for the whole interval the land was in a water-logged condition. And thus, perhaps, it may be that, if the autumn had been more propitious, the area of land under wheat would have been greater.

The fact, however, remains that, whether from discouragement by low prices, or discouragement by bad weather at seeding-time, the acreage of wheat in this country is the smallest on record. The most sanguine could not expect that with so unfavourable a seed-bed a strong and fruitful plant would be the result. The early reports spoke of a thin plant, and later ones of "light heads," and perhaps these expressions, as general descriptions of the crop, are not inaccurate. The truth seems to be that the yield is most variable. There never was perhaps a year when it was more difficult to assess the average yield per acre. Some crops are undoubtedly very heavy; others are just as light. In some places it is said that five and even six quarters of good wheat have been produced to the acre; in others the yield has not reached more than two quarters, and that of inferior quality. It is certainly too early to attempt to arrive at any definite estimate of the yield; there is, however, remarkable unanimity on the part of all the journals which collect reports of the growing crops in the opinion that the crop is short of an average; and it may be remarked that the reports which are later in date, and therefore based on more extended experience of the result of threshing, take a more gloomy view than the earlier ones. It is certain that the "over average" crops are not more than about one-tenth of the whole. Estimates of twenty-six bushels per acre are now regarded as likely to err on the side of being too high, and if this figure be applied to the known acreage, and the requisite reduction made for seed corn and that which is unfit for bread-making purposes, there would appear to be no more than  $7\frac{1}{2}$  millions of quarters of wheat available for human food from the home growth of these islands. How much of this will be secured in sound condition fit for bread will remain in doubt for a short time; the weather for a large part of August did wonders in maturing the crop in the southern part of the country, but the stormy weather with which in this year, as in last year, September was ushered in reminds us that a large portion of the crop is still in jeopardy. Assuming, however, that it will all be secured in tolerable order, if existing stocks are to be maintained at this time twelve months importations to the extent of some 16½ to 17 millions of quarters will be wanted. Probably the lower figure will suffice, because the potato crop promises a large yield of excellent quality should it remain tolerably free from disease. The disease has attacked the tubers in many districts, but so far the complaints do not appear to be serious. It may be remarked that nothing tends to reduce the consumption of bread so much as a plentiful supply of good potatoes. A further deduction may be made from the figure representing the requisite imports on account of

the abnormally large stocks of wheat and flour known to exist in the stores at our seaports. These may be drawn on to the extent probably of two or three millions of quarters without reaching a hazardously low point, so that imports of about 14 millions of quarters of wheat would meet the wants of the nation. Hence, as it is possible that consumption may be satisfied by an import of about 14 millions of quarters of wheat, and as, excluding the year just completed, when we imported 20½ millions, our imports in the three previous years exceeded in each year 16 million quarters, there is no ground at first sight for any apprehension as to difficulty in obtaining the supply of wheat we need. It is true that England will not be without competitors for the surplus of the exporting countries, for the wheat crop of Western Europe is poor, and importations will be necessary to fill up the gap in several countries. But it is reported that France, where the result of the new crop is in doubt, has also large reserves of old wheat. It is also true that the crop of the United States, whence in good seasons enormous supplies are drawn, is bad; but the fact that it is bad means not a cessation of exports, but only a reduction in their scale, and it seems to be agreed that very large stocks remain over from previous crops in America, which will go some way towards making up the deficiency of the 1882 crop. It may be said, indeed, that if the area of land under wheat in America produced year after year an abundant crop, a market could not be found for the surplus. America can easily spare for England, after satisfying other customers, 8 to 10 millions of quarters, and India and Russia, to put aside all smaller sources of supply, will send us more than the rest. Prices are now low, and the competition of France and Germany may force us, after our stocks have been reduced, to pay somewhat higher for what we want; but enough is known to give the country confidence that bread will be cheap in the coming year.

The area planted with oats and barley does not show any distinct tendency to decrease or to increase. The land under barley is somewhat less than the average of the last ten years; while under oats there is more than in any year of which records have been obtained. These are the best corn crops of the year, and both give good yields. What the quality may be depends very much on the weather, but the quantity is assured. The quality of home-grown barley of late years has been extremely indifferent in consequence of the wet autumns. What between bad barleys and the failure of the hop crop last year brewers had a rough time of it, for it is not the custom of the trade to vary the price as the cost of materials changes, and a heavy crop of good-quality barley will be very welcome to them. And there appears also to be compensation in store for them for the losses they suffered last year through the enormous prices they were obliged to pay for hops. Until the gale of last Sunday, the accounts of the hops gave promise of an immense crop of exceptionally fine quality. But the storm of that day wrought great damage by bruising the unpicked hops. The quality will therefore suffer, but the quantity is great enough to ensure moderate prices. A serious feature in the agricultural balance-sheet of the year is the very small advance shown in the numbers of our cattle and sheep. The numbers of cattle have increased by only 2·7 per cent. over those in 1882; and those of sheep by only 3·1 per cent. But of cattle we have less by about a similar percentage than we possessed in 1874, and almost precisely the same number that we had in 1873; while of sheep we have about 5 million head less than in 1874 or 1868, the two years when our flocks were at their highest point. When the increase of the population and the comparatively small increase in the imports of animals are taken into consideration, there need be no surprise at the high prices commanded by beef and mutton. Our pasture and grass lands have shown a steady increase, however, during the same period; and at first sight it would appear that they must be less productive, as we get less meat from them. But it is to be observed that a distinct increase of the use of milk as a beverage has taken place meanwhile, and it may be that the population is taking an increased yield off the land in the shape of milk and its products, instead of in the form of meat. It is an inquiry well worth instituting, though full of difficulty. From whatever source the profit comes, and there is no need to seek for anything beyond the high price of meat to account for it, meadow lands are without doubt remunerative to the farmer, and there is no difficulty in letting pasture farms. Certain it is that our pastures have yielded excellent herbage this year; though, so far as the hay crop is concerned, the gathering was long and tedious, and a large proportion of

the crop was spoiled by delay and rain. Horse-keepers will not find their bills ruinous this season. Straw for litter will be the great difficulty; and if the area under wheat becomes much less, this, the best of all bedding for horses, will have to be abandoned. Its scarcity now makes it very costly.

#### LORD COLERIDGE INTERVIEWED.

LORD COLERIDGE has of late had several opportunities of doing the press of his native country some service in an extra-official way. He supplied it with many columns of copy, directly or indirectly, only a few weeks ago, when he took the chair at a public dinner, and made one more of our fidgety assertions that the stage is in England a reputable profession. After giving everybody an excellent text for long demonstrations of what might well be taken for a self-evident proposition, he has now come to the help of the newspapers in the silly season. His trip to America was sure to be amply commented on in that continent, where much less distinguished persons have filled their columns before now. It was less a matter of course that the impertinent gabble of American reporters should be largely copied into English papers. There is, however, no particular cause for surprise that this also should have come to pass. The funnier kind of our newspapers have drawn on the American press for their humour for so long now that they may reasonably begin to imitate it in other things. The Americanization of our institutions is fated to proceed apace. For the rest, harmless tittle-tattle about the doings and sayings of a judge fills space not less effectually and more agreeably than long reports of drownings by shipwreck or killing by railway accidents. From one point of view, however, the extracts from the New York papers are decidedly disappointing. To report all the traveller's sayings and doings shows a sincere intention on their part to be as pushing and offensive as ever, but the result has not wholly answered to the endeavour. We shall not be in a hurry to assert that the taste of American journalism is improving, or that their public is less fond of gossip than of old. Summer heat and tedium of working in holiday time no doubt affect New York reporters like other people. If they do not leave their vices of impudence, and mendacity, and underbred curiosity, there perhaps come times of lassitude when these vices leave them. Something, too, must be allowed for the fact that Lord COLERIDGE and his fellow-travellers are defended by a body of American friends not untrained in the art of keeping the reporter at a proper distance. From some or from all of these causes, or for some more subtle reason which we have not succeeded in discovering, it is certainly the case that the reporters set to worry Lord COLERIDGE have been, judging by their former feats, discreet even to dulness. They have scarcely gone beyond pestering him with harmless questions about harmless things. They do not appear to have inquired into what he ate at breakfast, or whether he wore a nightcap, or how many shirts he carried in his trunk, or any of the other and even more delicate matters which used to be dear to the readers of American papers.

His personal appearance has, indeed, been the subject of some comment; but so mild is that comment that it would scarcely be worthy of notice if it did not suggest some speculation as to the ideals of the reporters themselves, picked up in the course of their studies at school and elsewhere. "As his lordship was leaning over the rail," says the reporter of the *New York World*, "he presented little the appearance of the typical English judge." How ought an English judge to look when he is leaning over a rail, according to American ideas? A certain amount of negative evidence is afforded by the further comments of the reporter. We hear of Lord COLERIDGE's "six feet of height," from which it appears that the typical English judge of American fancy is not tall. Further on there is a reference to "the slight stoop in the shoulders," from which it is fair to conclude that—always according to the idea of New York—the grave persons who sit upon "the royal bench of British Themis" should be square-built. "His face (Lord COLERIDGE's) was ruddy, pleasant, and clean-shaven," as he looked down on that reporter who had come out to see a typical English judge, and went back disappointed. It is further noted that "the sixty years in passing over his head had touched it with grey." The reporter does not tell us what particular sixty years he points out by his definite article, but we may conclude rather that his grammar is defective than that he supposes a particular



series of years to exist for the purpose of passing over the heads of Lord Chief Justices of England. On the whole, therefore, we learn from this ingenious gentleman that the typical English judge of American fancy, besides being short and thickset, must neither be ruddy, nor pleasant, nor clean-shaven, nor sixty years of age and upwards, or that, if he is—for on this point there is room for doubt—then his hair must not be grey. We should like to learn whether the typical English judge is supposed to preserve the colour of his hair by nature or by art. Perhaps he always wears his wig? It speaks well for the growing self-restraint of the American reporter that Lord COLERIDGE was not asked, as he looked over the rail of Mr. GERRY's yacht, what he thought of America. The representatives of the newspapers (we believe that is their favourite title) seem to have been content to wait for the spontaneous expression of his opinion on the merits of Brooklyn Bridge and the beauties of nature and art in and about New York. Their curiosity was of a more practical kind, for they succeeded in extorting a legal opinion out of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his brother judge, Sir JAMES HANNEN, as they were, so to speak, sitting *in banco* at the breakfast table. The point was not a very delicate one. "After breakfast was over, the *Herald* reporter brought up 'the subject of the Confederate Bond Syndicate in England' and its contemplated action, as outlined in the *Herald's* 'cable despatches.' It will be highly satisfactory to any American who may fear that something would come of the Confederate Bond Syndicate to learn that 'among these 'eminent men of the English Bar' (two of them are on the Bench, as it happens, but this is a matter of detail) 'there was 'no divided opinion on the subject.' They had no hesitation in saying that, on looking into the matter of the Confederate Bonds, they found nothing in it. What sort of answer the reporter thought he would get when he asked Lord COLERIDGE whether he was afraid of being blown up with dynamite we cannot guess. From the fact that the *Herald* thinks it necessary to inform its readers, in large type, that he is 'clearly not afraid,' perhaps it was an expression of abject terror. He was convinced of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE's courage by a little smile, the gentle charm which vanquished CAMOENS in a tenderer matter. Indeed Lord COLERIDGE seems to have smiled, and smiled with the happiest effects. He told his questioner that he objected to rushing through a country, 'with a smile at reminiscences 'American travellers called up.' Whether these travellers were in or from America does not appear, but probably the latter, as the reporter's resigned victim went on to add, 'I 'have met a number of cultured Americans, and have been 'attracted by a certain vivacity possessed by them as a 'class.' If the report of the conversation is accurate, it would appear that the air of America has already had an injurious effect on Lord COLERIDGE's taste in adjectives. On this side of the herring-pond he would doubtless have remembered that 'cultured' is part of the vocabulary of our pigs. In the following sentences we get what is perhaps the most satisfactory explanation of his continual smiling throughout this most interesting conversation. 'My ideas of this country are exceedingly vague, though,' he said, 'I know hardly more of it than did young 'MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.' Now under the circumstances there was malice in this mention of the novel in which DICKENS took his revenge for much boring and the failure to obtain an American copyright. In a sly way Lord COLERIDGE was poking fun at the reporter. He uttered these so harmless-seeming words with a distinct recollection of the gentleman who waited for the steamer which brought young MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT across the Atlantic on the voyage which ended at Eden. On two other points of some interest answers of a very guarded character were got from the wandering CHIEF JUSTICE. He made the safe observation that 'When I left England the 'Irish question and the Irish people were in the usual condition. Nothing seems to affect them or bring matters 'any nearer to adjustment.' As the same answer might have been safely given at random by a RIP VAN WINKLE who had just woken from a sleep of any length, Lord COLERIDGE cannot be said to have added materially to the sum of American knowledge by this his most judicious reply to the inquiring journalist. Again, with the same commendable reserve, he 'allowed' to drop for a moment into the American language, that England would probably adopt a Code in the course of time, but he declined to guess how much time would pass before the reform was effected. It would be curious to learn how long Lord

COLERIDGE thinks it would take a Grand Committee to make its mind up on the merits of a Code. But the feeble reporter never asked, and it is too probable that Lord COLERIDGE would have smiled, and put the question by, so wary was he.

It must be acknowledged that as yet the reporters have either not tried to get rises out of their visitor or have failed. Their want of power is more probable than their want of will. With the usual smile he gave the representatives of the great, intelligent, and "cultured" press of America to understand that he would not be drawn like a badger. "I am a very bad hand at answering questions, 'for I am so thoroughly used to cross-examining on my own 'account that my remarks are usually, indeed, with an 'interrogation,' was the polite formula he used on the occasion. It was not generally supposed, in the days before Lord COLERIDGE had passed from the Bar to the Bench, that cross-examination was exactly his strongest point, but he has certainly shown that he does not want skill in the passive part of the art. On this side of the ocean no regret will be felt to learn that it is so. In these days of talkative statesmen and impulsive self-revelations on the part of persons in authority, it is pleasant to know that there are still some who can be reticent with dignity. But does Lord COLERIDGE think that this obstinacy in refusing to gratify the legitimate desires of a great and inquisitive people is the proper way to promote friendly feelings between the nations? We know how our American cousins can run after a Duke, for did not that Duke's own reporter, Dr. WILLIAM RUSSELL, write a book to tell us all about it? From the same authority we know how angry they were when the door was shut on their impertinent noses. It is to be feared that the slowly growing kindness of America for England will not stand many such strains. All this suggests a very serious reflection. In a short time an Englishman who is more talked about than any other of his generation will go to the States; and it is said on the best authority that he too, like the Duke of Sutherland, means to take his own reporter. It is prudently done in Mr. IRVING as far as his own convenience is concerned, but is it patriotic? Ought he not to think how likely it is that such an exclusive regard for his privacy may hurt the interests of many active journalists and revive the feelings to which Mr. LOWELL gave eloquent expression in days when he was not yet AMBASSADOR to the Court of St. James's? A happier prospect is that this revolt against the interviewer may hasten the arrival of the day when distinguished persons may travel in America to attend to their business or see their friends without being subject to the persecutions of impudent intruders. It is a consummation most devoutly to be wished; but, like the adoption of the English Criminal Code, it must, we fear, be postponed to a distant and uncertain future.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE.

IN a letter to the *Times* of Tuesday last, the Rev. G. ARBUTHNOT, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, informs the public that "the silly season" has begun. We can only hope that, so far as regards the proposal to which his letter refers, as well as the part which he has personally taken in it, the silly season is already at an end. It is the neighbouring town of Coventry which boasts of a "Peeping Tom" amid its mythical heroes; but if the proposal to unearth with no reasonable cause the mortal remains of England's greatest poet should be really carried out, the palm for vulgar and indecent curiosity will have to be transferred to Stratford. It appears that Dr. INGLEY, the author of a work entitled *Shakespeare's Bones*, with which we do not happen to be acquainted, dedicated the same jointly to the Vicar and the Mayor and Corporation of SHAKESPEARE's native town. He also, it appears, sent a presentation copy to the Vicar, and presumably also to the Mayor. We cannot but wonder, as the work is dedicated to the Corporation as well, whether all the members of the Town Council, and all the officers of the Corporation, such as the Town Clerk, the Chief of the Police, and the Inspector of Nuisances, were similarly honoured. It would seem only courteous on Dr. INGLEY's part to have paid the usual mark of respect to those to whom he dedicates his book; but, if he did so, he must have incurred very serious expense. Not having seen the work in question, we have no opinion as to whether either the Vicar, or the Mayor, or the

Corporation will be any the wiser for reading it; though, judging from the antecedent probabilities of the case, we should advise them to refrain. But as to the practical proposal which accompanied Dr. INGLEY's gift to the Vicar, we confess to having a very strong and decided opinion. Dr. INGLEY proposes to exhume SHAKESPEARE's body with a view of satisfying himself as to certain points on which he is doubtful. Now both psychologists and plain people are agreed that the state of doubt is not a pleasurable one; but even if points of much greater importance than are involved in the present case could be set at rest by the proposed disinterment, we should still hold that certainty as to them would be dearly purchased by what we cannot but regard as an utterly senseless sacrilege.

The object, we are informed, for which SHAKESPEARE's last wishes are to be set at nought, is "to compare the poet's skull with the monumental bust in the church, and also to set at rest the many conflicting portraits of the poet in existence." The final clause of this sentence is a masterpiece of bad English. But the writer's style is not just now our business. As Mr. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS justly remarks in a memorial which he has addressed on this subject to the Mayor and Corporation, either the skull which the exhumers might find in the grave will or will not correspond with the bust in the church. If it does correspond, what is at present a very probable surmise will be turned into a certainty. If, on the other hand, it does not, then the inference will be that the skull is not SHAKESPEARE'S. That the bust is an authentic likeness, and that it was very probably taken from a mask made after death, is a view of the matter which has far more in its favour than that a skull found in the grave, and differing from the bust, can be that of the poet. There is really very little to add by way of argument to Mr. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS's brief memorial; nor is there any escape from the dilemma which he sets before Dr. INGLEY. More than two centuries and a half have passed away since SHAKESPEARE'S death, and we can have absolutely no certainty that at some time or other in the course of that period his grave has not been tampered with. If now, in the full light of publicity, people are to be found ready to disregard the pathetic appeal written on the gravestone, it is at least possible that the tomb has been already disturbed and all record of the fact been lost. There is, indeed, a story of a person who obtained leave from a former Vicar to open the grave, but who providentially went mad before the project could be carried out. The sole point which can by any possibility be proved by opening the grave is this:—If the skull and the bust agree, this will be proof that no Dr. INGLEY has been at work before. Whether this result is worth the pain and shame which will be felt wherever the name of SHAKESPEARE is held in honour we can safely leave our readers to decide.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Town Council of Stratford, setting an example which the Vicar would do well to follow, have decided to do all in their power to hinder the proposed sacrilege. In the face of this, and of the strong expressions of disapproval which have come from many other quarters, the proposal will hardly be pressed, and will almost certainly not be carried out. The problems that exercise Dr. INGLEY's mind will remain unsolved, and SHAKESPEARE'S bones will for the present rest in peace. The proposal, however, is one which, in an age of petty and diseased curiosity, is not unlikely to be revived; and we dare say that there are a good many people besides Dr. INGLEY who will be disappointed at his failure. There is something inhuman, in the literal sense of the word, in this craving to pry into what the piety of mankind has always treated with a solemn reserve. Right feeling prompts us to respect the graves even of those who are quite unknown to us. The last wishes of the dead, even if they seem to us capricious or unreasonable, we do not lightly set aside. Unless it be a plain duty to disregard them, they are apt to be carried out with a fidelity which perhaps no wish of the living person could have commanded. But there is nothing capricious or unreasonable in the poet's desire that what was mortal of him should rest in peace in the parish church of his native town. We have heard it said that to open the grave would do no harm to the dead. That may be true enough. We object to the proposal, not because it harms the dead, but because it harms the living. We object to it because, by the nature of the human mind, feelings of reverence and affection gather round the last resting-places of those whose words or deeds have made them leaders and benefactors of mankind. It is of much

more importance that these feelings should be respected than that the claims of a trivial and purposeless curiosity should be gratified. To attain some end of serious importance, no one would object to the exhumation of any body so long as it was done decently and in order. But that, to gain the idle object of Dr. INGLEY'S search, the last prayer of one to whom every cultivated Englishman owes a personal debt of gratitude should be wantonly rejected is a wholly different matter. It would needlessly disgust and offend thousands of people; it would bring deserved opprobrium on the country in the eyes of other nations; and it would go far to stimulate the vice of morbid and impertinent curiosity, which needs no encouragement, but rather every check that can be applied to it.

The Vicar's letter to the *Times* is curious. "If public opinion," he says, "was clearly expressed in favour of an exploration of the poet's tomb, I should offer no opposition." Now what public opinion has to do with the matter, and what the Vicar's notion of public opinion is, it is a little hard to make out. Taking perhaps too idealistic a view of the functions of a clergyman, we imagined that it was his part to guide public opinion, to check its aberrations, and, in case of need, manfully to withstand it; and this especially in a matter such as this, which touches the Church nearly. At stated times and seasons the Vicar reads the Creed which is associated with the name of St. ATHANASIUS. There is a phrase about this Saint which is familiar to many persons who know nothing about the Arian heresy or the Council of Nicea. It is one of those phrases which nobody who has heard it ever forgets. It consists of three words—*Athanasius contra mundum*. Supposing that what the Vicar terms "public opinion" had pronounced in favour of the scheme, it would equally have been his duty to examine the grounds on which the claim to open the grave was based, and, if he personally deemed them insufficient, to give a direct refusal to forward the project in any way. Besides, the Vicar can hardly be so innocent of the ways of the world as not to know that there is probably nothing so easy to counterfeit as public opinion. A dozen busybodies can palm themselves off, if they are only noisy enough, as representatives of the whole country. It may be true that they are sure to be found out in time; but in the meanwhile all the mischief they are capable of doing may have been done. No rational man can doubt that, if a hundred persons were taken at random, either from the educated classes or from the general public, the immense majority would vote in favour of respecting SHAKESPEARE'S last wish, and would need something very different from Dr. INGLEY'S reason to make them change their minds. We can only, in conclusion, congratulate the Town Council of Stratford on the sensible and vigorous course which they have taken. We commend their example to the imitation of Dr. INGLEY and of the Vicar; and, if we may conclude with a word of advice to the latter, we should suggest that he might think a little more of the intrinsic merits of the cases that come before him and a little less of public opinion.

#### LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CALCUTTA.

MUCH attention was naturally aroused by Lord Ripon's frank admission, in the Resolution which introduced the new departure in the policy of Local Self-Government, that the material interests of the communities concerned would not improbably be for the present injuriously affected by the proposed changes. The practical statesmanship of Indian officials, with a keen eye to results, was startled at the introduction, on theoretic grounds, of a reform the immediate results of which were confessedly expected to be inferior to those attained by existing arrangements. When it was remembered that these results affected the moral and material well-being of a vast population—the conditions of life, health, disease, and death to two hundred and fifty millions of ignorant and, to a great extent, helpless people, whom British administrators have been for years past, by slow and painful efforts, guiding into a more excellent way as to hygiene than those which barbarous ignorance or custom had prescribed—men who stood face to face, not with the dreams of theorists, but with the real facts of the case, began to ask what were the theoretic blessings for which solid good in matters of such vital interest to society was to be surrendered, and what was meant by the deterioration in administrative efficiency which the Resolution so jauntily accepted as a probable result of transferring to ignorant and inexperienced hands the tasks on which so much skill, knowledge, and self-devotion had hitherto been expended by the rulers of the country. In none of the many departments of social economy which the Government of India has taken under its control has its beneficent influence been more profoundly felt or more cogently demonstrated than in that of



sanitation. India a century ago was the victim of that host of maladies which attend on barbarism, and to which Oriental barbarism especially appears to offer such congenial material. Not only did terrible epidemics sweep, with a frequency unknown to modern Europe, devastating and unresisted, over populations only too well prepared for their reception, but the normal sanitary condition of thousands of towns and villages was such as to render really healthy existence in them impossible, and to shorten to a very material extent the ordinary duration of human life. Even now the average death-rate of India is believed to be not far short of double of that which prevails in many crowded English towns, and this rate is apt to fly up at any moment in particular localities to a figure which in England would produce a general panic.

Bad as the present state of things is, however, it is a vast improvement on that with which the first English administrators had to deal. Several of the great diseases, small-pox especially, have been successfully grappled with, the area of their operation has been narrowed, their destructive intensity mitigated, their recurrence rendered less frequent, and their duration shorter. Cholera, though it still defies scientific analysis of its nature and causes, has been brought to a considerable extent within the category of preventable disease. It has been ascertained that fever, which sometimes sweeps off a million of the inhabitants of Bengal in a year, is as much the child of damp, cold, bad clothing, and insufficient food in India as it is in England; great drainage operations have rescued entire districts from its prostrating effects. Leprosy, if not proved to be curable, has been so treated as to mitigate its consequences to the unfortunate sufferer. The blessings of pure air and clean water have been conferred on many of the principal cities, and the good effects of their introduction have convinced even Brahminical prejudice of their value and importance to the public health. On the whole, it may be said that, considering the enormous difficulties to be overcome, the battle waged by the sanitary authorities against indifference, ignorance, superstition, and obstinacy has been fairly successful, that the population of India is already freed from much suffering and disease, and that nothing but the desire of European officials to convince and not compel, to avoid rough shocks to conscience or taste, and to carry along with them the community in sympathy with the task of improvement, has prevented that improvement from being speedier and more complete.

For many years past the Government has in every part of India been sedulously endeavouring to enlist native co-operation in the task of sanitary reform. Municipalities have been created in all the considerable towns, and wherever villages were so situated as to form a convenient group for joint administrative action. The result has been uniformly that which the conditions of the experiment rendered antecedently probable. Everywhere alike the superior knowledge and higher morale of the English official have been combating, more or less successfully, with the prejudices of men whom not all the figures in the world could convince that it was worth while to spend their own and their fellow-townsmen's money on such fanciful luxuries as vaccination, clean streets, and wholesome water. The reforms on which the European doctor insisted and for which the European collector pressed were so many "fads," which had in the first instance to be sturdily resisted and then patiently endured among many other inexplicable burdens which Providence thought fit to lay on honest men's shoulders. The idea of parting with well-beloved rupees because a gentleman who styled himself a scientific analyst declared the well-water of the town to be dangerous to human life was one against which the conservative instincts of the Town Councillor revolted, and against which he struggled, as the occasion demanded, with passive obstinacy, wily evasion, or open revolt. The consequence is that to this hour half the cities in India drink water into which the sewage of centuries has been making its way, and the instances of pure water supply are brilliant exceptions to the general rule of triumphant folly. The expediency of carrying the people with them in these reforms has everywhere prompted officials to wait, to abandon much that was obviously expedient, to accept an instalment where anything more than an instalment was not to be had without a fight, and to acquiesce in the continuance of preventable evils till such time as the increased knowledge and intelligence of the community should demand their prevention. India, it ought clearly to be known, might be far better off as to sanitation, the death-rate of the population might be sensibly lower than it is, but for the fact that the rulers of the country have always recognized the necessity of popular co-operation, and have been content, in forcing reforms on reluctant recipients, to do so with a very gentle hand and with an indulgent consideration for the prejudices and superstitions with which they were at every step confronted. Their work, accordingly, has not been unpopular, but it has, as many persons think, been discreditably slow and incomplete.

Public, and indeed official, opinion has now decided that, this being the state of things, Lord Ripon's proposals to displace the European official from his position of control and superintendence in the municipality, to lessen the number of the Government nominees, and rely to a large extent on popular election, were the height of unwisdom. Experienced officials, with a weary recollection of bootless struggles with ignorant and stingy Town Councillors, protested against a change which would tie their hands tighter than ever as to any useful work, and pointed out—in more than one instance with signal ability—the inherent unfitness of the Indian community, as at present constituted,

for the task of self-government. A memorandum by Mr. Monro, the Commissioner of the Calcutta Division, which has recently been published, is a model of thoughtful, well-informed, and practical good sense, and summarizes as cogently as could be wished the objections which men who have a real acquaintance with the country have to urge against the crude and ill-considered projects of a romantic Viceroy. A scarcely less forcible argument against the further popularization of municipal government in India is afforded by a petition on the subject of the sanitation of Calcutta, recently presented to the Government by a large number of the principal inhabitants of that city. Among the signatures we find those of the Sanitary Commissioner for Bengal, of Dr. Payne, Surgeon-General of Bengal, one of the most eminent physicians and greatest sanitary authorities in India, of Dr. Birch, another leading physician and the Superintendent of the General Hospital, of the Deputy-Surgeon General, of the Inspector-General of Gaols, of Mr. Blandford, a distinguished man of science, to say nothing of a long list of High Court judges, bishops, archdeacons, barristers, and merchants. Such signatures render superfluous the statement in the petition that the substantial accuracy of the facts on which it proceeds is guaranteed by official statistics. But those facts are so startling as to warrant every precaution against incredulity. They especially regard the year 1882, with which the petitioners were dealing. In that year there were in the town of Calcutta 2,240 deaths from cholera, against an average cholera mortality, for the eleven years which have elapsed since the city was partially supplied with pure water, of 1,314. Although there was no small-pox, and the mortality of the year from fever was below the average, the deaths "from other causes" numbered 5,815, against an average of 4,151; the total mortality was 13,162, against an average of 12,023, the total death-rate being 2½ above the average of eleven years, and 1½ even above that of a period of fifteen years, which includes two years of famine and high prices, and four previous to the supply of pure water. These figures, coupled with the fact of a pretty steady growth in cholera mortality for several years past, appear to the petitioners to justify the inference "that no sensible impression is being made by conservancy on general mortality; that the most terrible of the diseases immediately attributable to insanitary conditions is decidedly on the increase; and that, considering the absence of small-pox and the cheap rate of food, there is reason to fear that the local causes of disease, upon the danger of which the Health Officers have been for many years insisting, are more active than ever." What these local causes are the petitioners proceed to point out. The different districts of Calcutta present, it appears, an extreme range of mortality. In the Europeanized portion, where the drainage, water supply, and general conservancy are all that could be wished, the annual death-rate sinks to 13 or 14 per thousand, a better ratio than most English towns; but in the native portions the rate rises as high as 30 and 40 per thousand, in one instance reaching the alarming amount of 47 per thousand. The authorities, however, consider that these figures afford hardly more than an approximation to the real facts, and that the "true native death-rate of Calcutta cannot reasonably be reckoned at less than 50 per 1,000 per annum. It is probably more."

The causes of this abnormal mortality are not far to seek. A large portion of the native town consists of collections of huts, which are known as "Bustees," and which can be most fitly described as concentrating in their intensest form all the conditions most incompatible with comfort, decency, and health. The soil is a saturated mass of pollution, the atmosphere is heavy with poisoned exhalations, "earthen drains abound which have no flow and often no exit, and which are literally elongated cesspools"; the tanks, which form the only water supply, and which are used alike for the purposes of cooking food, washing clothes, personal ablution, and drinking, are to a large degree polluted with subsoil drainings, and, to use the language of the Health Officer, have "become by evaporation, contamination, and use, little better than reservoirs of diluted sewage." "In such places," observes the President of the Municipality, "one wonders, not that the mortality of Calcutta is what it is, but that life can be lived in such an atmosphere." Of these horrible centres of impurity and disease there are over 500, and in them, so far as our present knowledge goes, cholera appears to take its rise. A concurrence of medical testimony affirms this fact, one of the few results that medical science has succeeded in establishing as to this terrible and inscrutable disease. The disease is almost entirely confined to these localities, 90 per cent. of the cholera deaths occurring amongst the inhabitants of the Bustees. The medical authorities give numerous striking instances confirmatory of their belief that "the disease is largely dependent, if not for its origin, at least for its development, on filth," and of the way in which its effects are localized in the precise areas best prepared by dirt and misery for its reception. On one occasion an outbreak of cholera was traced to the pollution of a tank by a quantity of putrid grain thrown "by mistake" of the conservancy officials into a tank which supplied the surrounding neighbourhood with drinking water. On another occasion the scene of the outbreak, on being examined, presented an aspect of consummate nastiness, exceptionally horrible amidst surrounding horrors. The evils of polluted water are not, however, confined to the "Bustees." There are altogether more than 500 tanks which are little better than unfauling sources of disease. Of 200 wells and tanks officially tested in 1881, 44 per cent. were pure sewage, 22 diluted sewage, 9 per cent. were dirty water, and four or five were moderately safe.

The contention of the petitioners with regard to this state of

things appears at first sight eminently reasonable. They complain that the Commissioners are doing next to nothing towards the removal of evils so serious; that municipal taxation has been lessened by more than 20,000*l.* per annum; that municipal establishments have been reduced to a standard fatal to efficiency; that the protests of the Health Officers and the threats of Government have been for years systematically neglected; that, while the wealth of owners of house property has been largely increased by the general improvements of the city, their representatives in the municipality refuse to allow these improvements to be extended to its poorer part; and that thus, "while expenditure is retrenched and taxation remitted, large portions of the community are deliberately left year after year in a condition which is a disgrace to humanity, a scandal to Government, and a standing menace to the surrounding population." These are strong words to be addressed to the Government by Sanitary Commissioners, physicians, judges, and men of science, who may be supposed to eschew rhetoric or exaggeration. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and the Government of India are, we are glad to see, taking steps to force the recalcitrant Commissioners into the performance of their duty. The moral as concerns the general public is of wider application. If this is the result of municipal administration in the capital of India—the seat of the Supreme and Local Governments, the headquarters of great sanitary, medical, and scientific departments, and the residence of a large community of highly-educated men, who can make their views known through an influential press—what is to be expected in the thousands of dirty little out-of-the-way towns and villages, the inhabitants of which are now being invited, in the blessed name of local self-government, to supersede the Collector, ostracize the Magistrate, and to take into their own hands the collection and employment of municipal income? Can any reasonable man, with such facts before him, fail to see that the extrusion of the official authority, of the zeal, skill, knowledge, and determination of Europeans, implies nothing but a return to the dirty stagnation in which ignorance and avarice rejoice, and to all the untold miseries which the barbarous defiance of the laws of health entails upon mankind? Lord Ripon's scheme has happily proved to a large extent abortive; had it succeeded, the welfare of millions would have been sacrificed to a feeble understanding and a party watchword.

#### JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND.

MYTHS, as the folk-lore philosophers have long told us, can always be traced to a groundwork of fact, and thus explained away; and it is not very long since we assisted, as they say in France, at the conversion—effected, if we remember rightly, by an American author—of Rip Van Winkle into an allegory of the seasons. In such cases as this there is, it may be thought, a certain straining in favour of the accepted fact that there are seasons, and that they have a course, and that therefore, or therefore, the myth of the sleeper has arisen. It is a little amusing to find something like the inverse process to this being carried on, and to observe that, because hitherto most books written by Frenchmen on English life and manners have been charged with hopeless blunders, therefore it is to be assumed that every book of the kind is to be regarded as of a mythical character, and that the first duty of an English reviewer is to pick out as many faults as he can. Perhaps, however, one should consider this as part of an international game, of which the rules are tolerably well ascertained. It is part of a good Parisian's belief that no Englishman, unless he has lived for years in Paris, can appreciate Parisian jokes, niceties of familiar speech in Paris, or stage pieces such as *L'Étincelle*, which are labelled, so to speak, with the word Parisian; and it need not be denied that there is ground enough for this pious belief. In the same way it is part of many good Englishmen's belief that French life, as a whole, corresponds to the pictures of it given in novels on grey paper, with blunt type; that French is an adjective synonymous with frivolous; and that French people "may be pleasant enough to talk to; but when you come to the realities of life —" The aposiopesis is seldom filled in, and is perhaps more eloquent than speech. Of late years, however, the rules of this game have become in some particulars slightly unfair. Ever since, some twelve years ago, the pick of the Français Company came over to London, driven hither by stress of circumstance, and compelled by their smallness in number to fill the most unimportant parts with the most important actors, there has been a tendency to believe in one of the most monstrous myths ever generated—the myth of a company of actors amongst whom there was no vanity and no jealousy—and to this day a ludicrous deference is seen to be paid by half-instructed writers to the supposed authority, to take an instance, of M. Sarcey as a critic. In revenge for this, however, one finds, as has been hinted, such a book as *John Bull et son Île*, by M. Max O'Rell (whose name brings with it a pleasant flavour of "McKeat" and the 1830 period), pounced upon for its comparatively few blunders, rather than admired for being a far more accurate account of English ways and peculiarities than had before been given by any French writer. Mistakes cannot but be made in such a work—a work which does not profess to be more than the record of a visit—and it is not inconceivable that a Frenchman might be able to pick holes in even so charming and so generally accurate a

book as Mr. Hamerton's *Round my House*. M. O'Rell, however, challenges criticism more than Mr. Hamerton could. He attempts to cover a far wider ground, and apparently he has not been nearly so long upon the ground that he wants to cover as Mr. Hamerton had been when he wrote his book.

M. O'Rell's tone is no less good-natured than Mr. Hamerton's, whatever may be his relative merit as regards accuracy; and in turning over his pages almost at hazard one comes pretty often upon truths which are very well worth attention, and which are writ down in a perfectly courteous manner. Such truths are, of course, sometimes not more than half-truths; but for that very reason they are sometimes the more valuable. For instance, what general contradiction could be authoritatively given to the statement that the English "collegian" will give you a decent translation of passages from *Télémaque*, from Rollin, and so on, but that if you ask him for the current French equivalent of "How do you do?" he will be probably "gravelled"? It is indeed possible that the "collegian" would in most cases give a rendering of "How do you do?" less satisfactory on the whole than is M. O'Rell's account of the game of cricket, of which the following is a literal translation:—"Cricket, a far more quiet game than football, and very interesting when one understands the rules well, consists in aiming a leathern ball at three sticks planted in the earth, and defended by the adversary armed with a flat club which serves to return the ball far enough away to allow him to run between the two lines of sticks until the ball has been retrieved. Such are the games over which young England goes wild and intoxicates itself." Let it be noted that M. O'Rell instantly adds that, despite the accidents which sometimes take place, such pastimes are far better than the reading of *Nana*, or the kind of talk which French schoolboys are too apt to delight in. The whole arrangement of good English schools strikes M. O'Rell as far superior to the French arrangement, and he speaks with astonishment and admiration of the fact that in England a schoolmaster will say to his pupil, "I want you to do this theme without the help of a dictionary or a grammar," and will rely upon his wish being fulfilled. But of English schools which are the reverse of good, M. O'Rell had some peculiarly disagreeable experiences. He formed the very sensible plan of learning English by means of teaching French in an English school, and he went, on the recommendation of a scholastic agent, to see a certain schoolmaster, who appeared delighted at the proposition. This schoolmaster then explained to M. O'Rell what his duties would be. "We get up at six. You will have to look after the boys while they dress, and you will stay with them in the school-room until breakfast time at eight o'clock. After breakfast you will take them out walking until half-past nine. What I want in the way of teaching is Greek, Latin, mathematics, drawing, music, and dancing. English, history, and geography I teach myself. We dine at one, and at two school begins again and goes on till five. At five we have tea; after tea you will take the boys out walking till seven. From seven till eight you will look after them while they get their lessons ready. At a quarter-past eight we have some bread and butter or cheese, and at half-past eight the boys go to bed." This, it will be admitted, was not a very tempting situation, but it would seem that the unlucky M. O'Rell actually went further and fared worse, for we find him stating how he did finally begin to carry out his plan, but was obliged to leave the house after a month, because the master's wife got drunk every Saturday, and on one occasion threw a pot of beer in M. O'Rell's face.

On various matters, as well as on this of education, M. O'Rell delivers himself of the opinions which he has formed from his own personal experience with a frankness which is extremely engaging. It is not likely that any reasonable being will be at odds with him when he speaks of the "Salvation Army" ragamuffins who make day hideous with horns and drums as "savages"; and all who have suffered from a monstrous nuisance which seems likely to increase until the break-up of the whole movement arrives will sympathize with his indignation. But what can the *Times* have done to M. O'Rell that he should abuse it in such unmeasured terms? "A creaking old weathercock," he calls it, with a fine confusion of metaphors, "which one sees every morning throwing its venom right and left to the general terror of Continental journals, which exclaim, 'The *Times* says this; the *Times* says that.' This sheet of advertisements, however, which affects to know the secrets of all European Cabinets (including those of the *Maison Dorée*), has no other end but money-making, and if it represents any interest it is that of the great City bankers. Except the Jérôme Paturots in search of a social position who pore over the advertisements in reading-rooms, except the clubs and other public institutions, the great mass of the people does not read this envious, pedantic, and nagging old journal." It is when M. O'Rell deals with our theatres that he for once falls completely in with the rules of the game of which we have spoken above, and completely refuses to believe that it is possible for an Englishman to understand Parisian acting. "Does John Bull really understand our Coquelin?" he asks. "I doubt it. But it does not matter; John Bull has paid his guinea, and has been amused whether he has understood a word or not." It must be admitted that there is but too much ground for this generalization of M. O'Rell's, as it must also be admitted that his strictures upon certain ludicrous and vulgar theatrical advertisements are completely just; but one wonders where he picked up the notion that the lower classes never go to a theatre in England. This, however, is perhaps less odd than his implicit belief that "however



brave, however intelligent, a private soldier may be, he can never become a commissioned officer; sergeant-major is the highest rank he can attain." So, also, his very prudent and proper terror of a certain abominable system of *chantage* carries him a little too far when he advises his readers never to sit down alone in a public park, even in broad daylight; and, in case they do fall into a trap, to "pay up" at once, and have done with it. Nor is it absolutely true that conversation is tabooed at English dinner-parties. On the other hand, on many matters—among them the institution of Bank Holidays—what he says is only too true; and that the tone of his decidedly clever and amusing book is pleasant may be guessed from the fact that he ends it with quoting Voltaire's saying:—"If I had had to choose my birthplace, I would have chosen England."

#### FIELDING'S BUST.

TO every great writer there comes, soon or late, a statue, or, at least, a bust, with speeches and a luncheon. Henry Fielding has waited long for his turn, but it has come at last. His effigy is placed in the Shire Hall, or "Somersetshire Valhalla," because he was born near Glastonbury. One cannot learn that this sleepy little town has ever prided itself much upon having produced England's greatest novelist; but then a city which owns an Abbey and a Holy Thorn, and is historically associated with Joseph of Arimathea, can afford to desire no other distinction. Besides, very few towns do care to honour the memory of their novelists. There has been, so far as we remember, no speech-making over any bust of Fielding's rivals, Richardson and Smollett; the town of Portsmouth has not yet thought fit to celebrate by bust or statue the fact that Dickens was born there; only the professional biographers know where Smollett, Thackeray, and Marian Evans were born. But patience; the turn of all will come, when every county town shall have its Valhalla, or *Salle des Illustres*, with the busts of dead worthies ranged in honour round the wall and a fitting legend inscribed beneath, for each. Taunton leads the way. The good work begun by Mr. Kinglake for his native county is certain to be followed by others; it is an example entirely worthy of imitation; for though there would be few busts were only those of the first rank, like Fielding, to be accepted, there are everywhere many honest workers who have fallen far short of that eminence but have yet distinguished themselves and done more than creditably. Not for every man is reserved a place in Westminster Abbey; but all may earn and deserve a niche in the Hall of their native place. It is astonishing if one looks at a county history to read the long list of those who have made for themselves in their own lifetime something of a name and are still remembered, though they cannot be said to deserve much more than the kind of limited immortality achieved by such a place in such a list.

The unveiling of Fielding's bust at Taunton was a simple ceremony and would have called for no other comment than the customary tribute to his genius which the occasion demanded and which has been duly paid by the daily papers, but for one circumstance. The unpretending Function was accompanied and adorned by an admirable oration pronounced by Mr. Lowell. One reads this speech with a kind of shame in thinking that there is not, probably, a single English man of letters who could have delivered so good a discourse; not one scholar, poet, or novelist who could stand up and speak so well even on such a subject as Henry Fielding. Several there are, we doubt not, who could have written as well; indeed it is a most promising and fertile theme; but to write is English and to speak is American. This shrinking from oratory is certainly a bad sign in our writers; an author means, we may suppose, a man who has something to say; he ought not to limit his manner of delivering his message; yet most of our writers seem to shrink even from a reading-desk or a platform, and, while they know that all the world is crying out for men who can speak, sit retired in their closet and write. Far greater, if not more abiding, is the influence of the man who speaks than that of the man who writes. Those of mankind who read will always be a minority; if a man desires to lead, rule, teach, and influence his generation, he must not be afraid to stand up and speak to them. In the School of Prophets it was always observed that those who could speak were more regarded in their own lifetime than those who could only write. To be sure, the turn of the latter came afterwards.

It is a great merit in Mr. Lowell's panegyric that it never sinks to commonplace. Now so much has been written, so much repeated, about Fielding, that one who speaks of his genius, his place in literature, and the characteristic features of his work, is in very great danger indeed of falling into commonplace. It is easy to say, for instance—and it has been said a good deal during the last week—that for this and for that Fielding stands alone; it is also very easy to allude—as has been also frequently done during the last day or two—to certain moral lapses in the life of Tom Jones; and it is not difficult to quote the stale old stories started by Murphy, and repeated by Lawrence, which show him as the ideal Bohemian, pledging work not yet done, eating his corn in the green, borrowing, lending, drinking, and roystering. Mr. Lowell avoided all these pitfalls; he spoke in general terms of imagination and its power to "cheat with a semblance of creative power that seems

almost divine"; he showed how this magic—possessed to the full only by three or four great poets, and by them only in their finest moments—makes its depositaries and instruments beloved above all men; how it is sometimes found in earthen vessels; how, when once found, and under whatever adverse conditions, it has power to lift the world from the commonplace, and out of the most ordinary materials of everyday life to create characters who become immortal. Such magic power was possessed by Fielding. There were limitations, it is true, and one does not pretend that he stands beside Shakespeare; he has pathos, but no passion; he is absolutely sincere, but his aims want nobility; he hates sentiment, but lacks refinement; he loves truth above all things, but sometimes misses the distinction between truth and exactitude; he paints life as he saw it, but sometimes he takes an unworthy model; his books, while they do not corrupt, are full of coarseness, and that beyond what was unavoidable in his age; finally, if we seek for one single characteristic which more than any other would sum him up, it was his absolute manliness. "Therefore," Mr. Lowell concluded with a happy allusion to the sculptor of the bust, "it is eminently fitting that the reproduction of his features should be from the hand of a woman."

The world insists upon considering Fielding as having been of a dissolute life. Of his real life very little is known beyond the mere outlines. At the age of twenty he found himself without resources, and turned to literature as a profession. Had he lived in these days, he would either have begun by journalism or by writing for the magazines. As it was then the year 1727 he naturally looked to the stage. For seven years he wrote plays with good and ill success; some twenty pieces of his were acted. As no other time of his life can possibly be called dissolute, it is on these seven years of early manhood that we must lay all the blame. No doubt they were years of leanness, with plenty of good-fellowship; and, though Lady Mary Wortley Montagu speaks of his cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret, and though Fielding himself speaks of his door as being quiet from duns one day only in the week—namely, Sunday—there seems no ground whatever for any more serious charge than of those sins common to early manhood, such as insufficiency of money, spending as fast as making, and the resolution to enjoy youth and early friendships with as much feasting, merriment, and joy as can be afforded. But this is quite a different thing from profligacy. Extravagant he certainly was, as is shown by the short period of his life when he ran through a small estate worth 200*l.* a year and his wife's fortune of 1,500*l.* in less than two years; and no doubt he was always disposed by nature to find happiness in society, but always a man of most extraordinary patience, industry, and resource. When his money was spent and he came back to the old hand-to-mouth life, it was with the old cheerfulness. Yet everybody insists on seeing Fielding's earlier days faithfully portrayed in the lamentable errors of Tom Jones, and the faults of his later years in the frailties of Captain Booth. Something, no doubt, of every sincere novelist may be found in his own pages. There are moments when the situation not only allows, but compels, a writer to put his own heart into his pages; but neither Tom Jones nor Captain Booth is Henry Fielding. When he began to write novels he was thirty-seven years of age, a time when a man has already much to remember, and has treasured up the results of a good many years of observation. It is, therefore, not wonderful that so keen an observer should have stepped at once into his place, and with his first book produced a masterpiece.

There are one or two points which seem to have escaped observation as regards the position of novel-writing at this time. The art in the year 1740 was practically dead. Defoe's stories were all written within a period of eight or ten years, beginning with *Robinson Crusoe* in 1719—one wonders whether young Fielding, then at Eton and twelve years of age, got hold of that immortal book. Then, for something like fifteen years, not one single work of fiction worth remembering or recording made its appearance. In the serial essays which were continually coming out, after the style of the *Spectator*—such was Fielding's *Champion*—there were imaginary characters whose portraits were carefully drawn, and who played certain parts assigned to them; but there were no novels; men wrote plays, verses, and essays, but they told no stories. This was a state of things clearly impossible to last; man in all ages and in every nation must have stories. When the modern English novel actually appeared, it was not like Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, a long and simple narrative; but it contained a plot, a hero and heroine, episodes, and all, just as if it were an epic poem or a drama. It sprang into life full-grown, and showed itself to the world in two distinct forms. For Richardson's *Pamela* was produced in the year 1741, and *Joseph Andrews* in 1742. Seven years later *Clarissa*, *Tom Jones*, and *Roderick Random* divided the town. Dickens and Thackeray a hundred years later reigned side by side; but there has never been since that period a time when there were living together three novelists of the first rank. No one of the three has so attracted the love of men as Fielding; of no other writer have things been said so enthusiastic and so affectionate; Coleridge, Scott, Thackeray, everybody who comprehends his sincerity, his healthy spirit, and his strength, loves Fielding. Who does not agree with Mr. Leslie Stephen, when he says that if one could spend an evening with some of the immortal dead, there would be few things more pleasant than a pipe and a bowl of punch with Fielding and Hogarth?

It is, we fear, descending to the commonplace, which Mr. Lowell so successfully avoided, to observe that the influence of Fielding

upon every English novelist worthy the name can be clearly and easily perceived. In one of the recent articles on Fielding inspired by this Taunton bust, the question was asked what Fielding would think of the modern novel. It is as if one should ask what Fielding would think of the modern picture, or of the modern poem. For in painting the work of Millais, Alma Tadema, Watts, and Leighton, lights up and glorifies the age, while no amount of bad paintings can disgrace it; and in poetry Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne already form a part of English literature, and may be discussed or estimated, but cannot be displaced; nor is the age much the worse for the little volumes of new poems and rhymes which continually appear, and are not so much forgotten as never read. In the same way, there is no reason for sneering at the modern novel; there are still among us one or two masters of the craft, just as there are incompetent bunglers; the world still calls perpetually for the delight of new fiction; the demand is met with a supply; there are still books pleasant, healthy, and sincere. We cannot expect a Fielding every ten years; it is enough if the work continues to be honest and true; and this, as regards the novels written by men, we think it is, in the main. There is a tendency to speak of novel-writing as a decaying art; more than once we have met with the assumption that men have nowadays ceased to read novels. In the name of Fielding and his successors this statement ought not to pass without a protest. It is true that there are many men who do not read novels at all; among them are some who have the practical affairs of life always before them; others who cannot feel the necessity of imaginative works, and no more read novels than they read poems or look at pictures, being dull dogs; others who do not read novels because they find the pleasures of imagination at the theatre; others, again, in music. To all the rest of the world and in every rank of life—the joy of life most readily obtained, the keenest, the most delightful, is the reading of fiction. So long as Fielding continues to be read, so long new novelists of the healthy kind, who draw life as it is and as they see it, who have a real story to tell and real people to deal with, will arise.

#### TONG-KING AND ANNAM.

**T**ONG-KING is as much a province of Annam as Elsass-Lothringen is a part of Germany; yet for a considerable time the French Ministry professed to be on peaceable, if somewhat strained, relations with Cochinchina, and all the while were pouring troops into the Northern dependency. Now that Annam has been brought into the quarrel, apparently very much against her will, and has collapsed, the struggle in Tong-king is as far off from a settlement as ever, and may virtually be said to have just begun. This may be said to be due to the intervention of China (if China really has intervened), or to the existence of the Black Flags, who seem equally able and willing to hold the country for themselves. But the explanation of the apparent anomaly lies much deeper, and has really its foundation in history.

Tong-king is the cradle of the Cochinchinese race, understanding Cochinchinese to include both Tongkinese and Annamese. The name Cochinchina indeed, since the beginning of the present troubles, seems likely to vanish altogether, or to be reserved specially for the six provinces which have Saigon for their capital and have hitherto been called French Cochinchina. The origin of the name is a disputed question with philologists. The old theory was that it was given to the country by the European voyagers who first reached the China Sea. They had come from the coast of Cochinchina, in India, and were struck by the resemblance of the seaboard to that of the land they had last seen. They, therefore, called it Cochinchina, and added China for the sake of geographical precision. This notion is, however, scouted nowadays. Père de Marini is of opinion that we ought to seek the origin of the name in the title *Giao-Tchi*, "with the big toe," which the Celestials apply to the inhabitants of the vassal State. The big toe of both Tongkinese and Annamese stands apart from the other toes in a way that is remarkable even to other nations that habitually walk without shoes. Hence the nickname and the appellation of the country. This theory is again doubted, and the majority would have us believe that Cochinchina is really a corruption of *Tchen-Tehing*, the name given by the Chinese to the most eastern part of the peninsula. However this may be, it is an undoubted fact that the Tongkinese and the Annamese are of the same race, and that their original settlement was in Tong-king. They speak the same language; but the pronunciation and, to some extent, the orthography are different, and the same statement will apply to their respective connexion with Chinese. The formation of all three languages is nearly identical; but Tongkinese, Annamese, and Chinese are mutually unintelligible. The fact is of some importance, because there are three separate families represented in the peninsula. There is the Chinese, including the two races just spoken of; there is the Malayan, in the persons of the Cambojans; and there is the aboriginal, or Mongoloid, family, among whom are to be counted the *Moi*, *Loi*, the Laos, and others who are equally connected with the Siamese (Shans) and with the *Miao-tse*, *Pai*, *Lolos*, *Sifans*, and other hill-tribes to whom the Chinese have given fanciful and abusive names. When the Tongkinese moved southwards, they drove out these aborigines, taking the plains to themselves, and leaving the hills for the evicted tribes. At present these are mostly to be found in the ranges to the west

and in the kingdom of Tsiampa, in the south-eastern part of the peninsula, where they occupy the mountains of the province now called Binh-Thuan, and just annexed to French Cochinchina. Before the fifteenth century both Tong-king and Annam were parts of China; and how they became so we may gather from Marco Polo's tale concerning "the great country of Chamba." The people of this region, he premises as usual, are idolaters; and then he goes on to say that they pay a yearly tribute to the Great Kaan, "which consists of elephants and nothing but elephants. And I will tell you how they came to pay this tribute. It happened in the year of Christ 1278 that the Great Kaan sent a Baron of his, called Sagatu, with a great force of horse and foot, against this King of Chamba, and this Baron opened the war on a great scale against the King and his country. Now the King (whose name was Accambale) was a very aged man, nor had he such a force as the Baron had. And when he saw what havoc the Baron was making with his kingdom he was grieved to the heart. So he bade messengers get ready and despatched them to the Great Kaan. And they said to the Kaan, 'Our lord the King of Chamba salutes you as his liege lord, and would have you to know that he is stricken in years and long hath held his realm in peace. And now he sends you word by us that he is willing to be your liege-man, and will send you every year a tribute of as many elephants as you please. And he prays you in all gentleness and humility that you would send word to your Baron to desist from harrying his kingdom and to quit his territories. These shall henceforth be at your absolute disposal, and the King shall hold them of you.' When the Great Kaan had heard the King's embassy he was moved with pity, and sent word to that Baron of his to quit that kingdom with his army, and to carry his arms to the conquest of some other country; and, as soon as the command reached them, they obeyed it. Thus it was then that this King became vassal of the Great Kaan, and paid him every year a tribute of twenty of the greatest and finest elephants that were to be found in the country."

Probably Sagatu turned his attention to the subjection of Annam and Tong-king. At any rate those countries became as much provinces of Chung-Kwé, the Middle Kingdom, as Kwang-si and Yunnan are now. When, however, the country was discovered in September 1516 by the Portuguese Ferdinand Perez, there were two distinct kingdoms, and these, like the old kingdom of Chamba, were so far independent that they only paid an annual tribute to the Hwang-ti. Even then Tong-king was barely a sovereign State. Its rulers had only a power like that of the last Merovingian kings in France. They reigned in name, but all the power was in the hands of the "general" sent from Annam, who was as omnipotent as the *Maires du Palais*. The *Nguyens* of Cochinchina, in addition to their own sovereignty, also bore the title of *Ohua* of Tong-king. This might imply that they were second in dignity, but facts showed that they were first in power. The Northern principality was called *Dang-Ngoai*, the Outer Kingdom, and did not venture to do anything without the approval of *Dang-Trong*, the Inner Kingdom. Yet Hanoi then was, and, until recently destroyed by the French and the Black Flags, continued to be, three times as large as Hué with all its suburbs of mud huts. So matters went on until the end of last century, when the French first had doings with the country, and troubles began. A certain Tongkinese nobleman, who had married an aunt of *Nguyen Anh*, the King of Cochinchina, formed the design of electing himself *Chua*, or Viceroy of Tong-king. He gathered a number of men round him, and proceeded to lord it over the then representative of the *Le* dynasty, who were the *Vuas*, or "first kings," of the Outer Kingdom. *Nguyen Anh* sent troops to help the *Le Vu*, but they were defeated. In the resulting confusion began the *Tay-son* rebellion. The *Tay-sons* were three ambitious Cochinchinese. One of them, *Quan Trung*, gave himself out as a descendant of the *Nguyens*, assembled an army, and marched into Tong-king. There he defeated and killed *Trinh*, the self-elected *Chua*, and went on to put to death all the members of the *Le* family that he could lay hands on. Meanwhile the other two *Tay-sons* were no less successful in the south. They overran the whole of Annam, drove *Nguyen Anh* to Saigon, and finally forced him to abandon even that place and take refuge in the islands off the mouth of the *Donnai* river. There the fugitive monarch was met by *Monsieur Pigneau de Behaine*, the Bishop of Adran. The prelate offered to use his influence at Versailles to obtain French aid to restore the King to his own again, and set off immediately to France with the King's eldest son. It was this Bishop who, in a letter still existing, first suggested to France the possibility of establishing an empire in Indo-China which might balance the English power in India. Louis XVI. was won over by the *Monsieur's* eloquence, and the dazzling results he promised him. The *Méduse* frigate was sent out, and with the assistance of the handful of men on board of her, *Nguyen Anh* not only regained his own kingdom of Cochinchina, but made himself master of Tong-king also, and united the two into one empire. The Chinese were induced to accept his title, and in 1804 he was proclaimed king of the two provinces as *Gia Long*. Several French officers remained with him as mandarins, and it was under their direction that *Huê* and *Tourane* and the various towns of the *Song-coi* delta were made into fortified places of the *Vauban* type.

But, though the *Tay-son* leaders were killed, the movement was not put down. The rebels escaped into the hills, and maintained an intermittent warfare on the royal troops. The Tongkinese were not by any means satisfied with their union with Annam,



and were always ready to side with the guerillas from the hill-ranges. The ill-feeling was kept up by other matters. The French missionaries had made numerous conversions amongst the Tongkinese, and Minh Mang, the son of Gia Long, chose to identify the Christians with the Tay-son rebels, and put to death, not only many of the native converts, but also of the Jesuit fathers, thereby once more drawing French attention to the country. A still graver cause of irritation to the Tongkinese was the proscription of their wives' petticoats. The women of Annam wear trousers like their Chinese sisters; but the Tongkinese damsels covered their limbs with the short kirtles of the surrounding hill-tribes. Minh Mang did not like the garment, and ordained its abolition. He had better have kept his hand out of the plackets. A royal edict was issued in 1830 ordering all the women to wear pants. The proclamation was indignantly scouted, and has been the cause of endless sanguinary revolts. It is still in force; but the petticoats have not disappeared. The garment represents the national tradition, and protests against the union of Tong-king with Annam. It is no longer a mere tempestuous petticoat; it has become a flag. The French of Saigon have long been casting an acquisitive eye on the rich mines of Tong-king and the water-way which the Song-coi river offers them to the fabled wealthy Chinese province of Yunnan. The Tay-son guerilla fights and the petticoat warfare have given them a plea for interference. They represent the Tongkinese as clamouring for deliverance from Annamese tyranny and beseeching the Republic to take over the country. The question is still further complicated by the existence of the so-called Black Flags. These are simply the remains of some of the Taiping bands that were driven over the Chinese frontier by the Imperialist generals. They were all Kwang-si men, and therefore closely akin to the Tongkinese. Hence they found no difficulty in settling down in their new quarters. Under the reign of "the King of Eternal Peace" they had learned to support themselves by pillaging their neighbours, and it is to be feared that they have kept up the habit. At any rate their present mode of life has a suspicious resemblance to piracy, and has effectually neutralized any concessions the French have wrung from the Annamese. They are the virtual masters of Tong-king now, and have as little regard for the French as they have for the Juan Acontop, the Annamese tatterdemalions, as they pleasantly style the Nguyen's troops. No matter what treaty the French have arranged with the King of Annam at Huế, the Black Flags will disregard it, and with China behind them, they may make it a very serious matter for the French to carry out their designs in Tong-king. Yet Tong-king is ruled over by Annamese mandarins, and until the present disturbances all its towns were garrisoned by Annamese troops.

#### DRIVING TOURS.

CONSIDERING the fondness of Englishmen for horseflesh, and the number of English gentlemen who have well-furnished stables, or, at all events, are the owners of one serviceable animal, it is surprising that driving tours are not more common. Mr. Black did his best to bring them into fashion when he wrote the lively *Adventures of a Phaeton*. St. John gave a charming account of a sporting drive through Sutherland in a boat upon wheels that could be launched on occasion on the lochs of that county of many waters. And we can recall other narratives, although of less literary merit, of similar experiences at home and abroad. But a practice that was once popular in the comparatively olden time, when it was a choice between the stage coach, the stage waggon, the costly post-chaise, and the private conveyance, appears to have gone out of date since the general introduction of the railway system. In reality the existence of the railway monopoly is one of the strongest arguments for making ourselves independent of it. Railways are useful and convenient in their way, but they are fatal to all tranquil enjoyment. Express trains shoot you past the most attractive scenery, landing you in smoky and bustling centres of industry, or in watering-places that are so many feverish Vanity Fairs; while the parliamentary trains that stop at all the stations may be beneficial as a discipline of the patience, but are surely a weariness of the flesh. They tie the passengers down to fixed times of departure, while for themselves they set time and their passengers at defiance. Moreover, too many of the English railroads, like the Continental strategical lines, seem to have been engineered on the principle of tantalizing the tourist. They skirt or carefully avoid the districts where there is most to attract him; and if he has set his heart upon visiting some special ruin or battlefield, the chances are that the Company drops him many a mile away. At the nearest roadside station there is nothing better than a public-house, and if he seeks a conveyance instead of trusting to his legs, he may be glad to fall back upon the baker's spring-cart. Or, on the other hand, he may possibly be landed at a pretentious hotel, where the proprietor makes a great gain by the posting business. He has to scramble for a conveyance in a rush of picnickers or sightseers, all bent on a pilgrimage to some world-famous shrine. The drivers and postboys in the season are overworked, like their ragged cattle; yet their one idea is to get over the ground, that they may hasten back for other customers and other tips. You have nearly as much enjoyment in your expensive trip as when you are hustled past the pictures in some show-place in the custody of a voluble housekeeper. In fact, when touring by

the railways and caught in a rush, you are the sport and victim of circumstances which you are altogether powerless to control. So the independence of Englishmen of the sturdier sort generally takes the form of pedestrianism. And we have not a word to say against walking expeditions, which, for the young and vigorous, are greatly to be recommended. Nevertheless, even in the prime of our powers there are obvious objections to them, which increase with our maturity, and become almost insuperable in old age. There is the initial question of carrying some luggage; and the older we grow and the feebler we become the more are we dependent on our little comforts. Then there is the weather to be considered; and in a blazing sun the most energetic of walkers becomes more or less indolent. Weighted with the lightest of knapsacks, he thinks more than once or twice ere he diverges from the beaten track to admire the waterfall which is tumbling in all its grandeur round the corner. His one dominating idea is to come to the end of the predestined day's work. Without being a Sybarite, when arriving at his inn in a lather of perspiration and caked with dust, he would gladly have the materials for a more elaborate toilet; while he is exercised over those blisters on his feet that may modify his arrangements for the morrow. And, without being a Don Juan, it is no slight sacrifice to renounce the sweets of feminine society. Though the case of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher North may be quoted to the contrary, we fancy that few men of refinement would care to take a wife or sister "on the tramp." A walk across a short Swiss pass, with a small portmanteau carried on the shoulders of a porter, is the utmost that can be judiciously attempted in that direction without making beauty worse than unattractive. And the sprightly walking gentleman is at a decided disadvantage when he happens to make chance acquaintance at the hotel with fascinating strangers of the fair sex. Adonis himself would feel awkward among bright toilets of an evening, in the grimy campaigning suit of Norfolk jacket, flannels, and knickerbockers; and assuredly the guardians of any well-disciplined young woman would regard him with a distrustful eye. As for the elderly pedestrian, he is a *lusus nature*, though there are born tramps like the late George Borrow, who can persist in their youthful habits with strength almost unimpaired.

Driving, on the other hand, unites luxury to independence. It is your horse's strength you have to consider, not your own, though a merciful man will be merciful to his beast. Supposing you are not a misogynist, but have a happy home establishment, you can take a wife or a sister by way of congenial companion, or even a sister and a sister's friend. In the latter case the longest way may be lightened by flirtation, while the longest evening seems only too short. You drive when you like, but you walk when you please, for stabling that will suit your purpose is to be found in the humblest village. Then for satisfying his appetite in the middle of the day, the pedestrian must be content with any fare he comes across; though we grant that if he could be guaranteed against adulterated beer, it is no hardship to be condemned to bread and cheese. But "carriage company" can carry their own commissariat with them; and a bottle of claret cooled in the nearest brook lends a wonderfully rosy colouring to the landscape. In place of the stuffy parlour—the bad inn's best room—smelling of stale tobacco-smoke and swarming with flies, the feast is spread on some grassy bank, the cloth is laid amid the blooming wild flowers; the shadows of the boughs overhead fall pleasantly across the turf, and, even if the song-birds are hushed in the midday heat, the drone of the wild bees, mingling with the distant rural sounds, is the most soothing of music. We take it that most people after turning the corner of thirty find the act of ordinary travel an unmitigated nuisance, whether in railway-carriages or any other public conveyances. Anxiety to have it well over and to be comfortably housed at the next halting-place is the predominating feeling. But there is positive exhilaration in sitting behind a well-matched pair of steppers, or even in driving a single well-conditioned roadster. It is a pleasure to watch the pair laying themselves down to their work when they have come out of their stalls full of fire and corn; to listen to the cheery jingling of the pole-chains and see the white foam-flecks tossed back upon their shining shoulders. Lured by very excusable indolence and the seductive beauties of nature, you have lost time at the midday halt and are disposed to make it up. Unlike the sorry hacks in too many of the joint-stock tourist vehicles, which can only be hustled along by a cruel expenditure of whipcord, the horses are more impatient than yourself. You have to hold them hard as they would rattle down the hills before the locked wheels, knocking their legs about on the road-metal in the most regardless manner; and they take the opposite slope with a rush that cheats it of half its stiffness. You let them have their heads along the level, merely pulling them together; and the way in which they give the go-by to mile-stones and telegraph-posts is marvellous. There is an agreeable excitement in the arrival at your inn; an arrival which, of course, you have taken the precaution to announce. Seeing that the manner of your travelling should be a certificate of gentility, the host and his smiling wife are ready with a warm welcome. Possibly he may be old enough to remember the days when there were sundry pairs of post-horses in his stables, and when his most profitable customers turned up in their own chariots; or, at all events, those golden times may be a cherished tradition of the house. The best apartments have been prepared; there is the state bedroom, half blocked by the primitive four-poster, though that is a relic of the past you would

willingly dispense with; and there is the parlour, hung with sporting prints and with a portrait of the Lord-Lieutenant over the fireplace. As the landlord himself, with the napkin thrown over his arm, superintends the serving of the successive courses of the dinner, he smiles in the confident hope of a compliment. And in not a few of those commodious country inns, which you would never discover were you touring by rail, the expected compliments may be thoroughly well deserved. There is no pretence at a ghastly parody of French cookery; but the dishes are excellent of their kind, and great care has been bestowed upon them. There are no *réchauffés* of scorched filets of stale sole, no sudden cutlets à la something or anything. But there may be honest soup, and spitchcocked eels from the mill-pond; a small joint, hung to an hour and done to a turn; with home-fed chicken and home-fed bacon to follow; and an abundance of the freshest vegetables from the great old-fashioned garden. It is true that the wines may leave something to desire, but they are little worse than those in the grand station hotel, and probably considerably cheaper. And you have reason to rejoice should the condition of your liver permit you to fall back on the frothing tankards of strong ale which do credit to the host or to the local brewer. After a satisfactory meal like that you sleep soundly, in defiance of nightmares; and, after a stroll in the balmy morning air, may seat yourself to a breakfast of similar profusion. And that early stroll may be so pleasant and so promising that you decide to delay the start till after lunch, or even to spend a day or two in these comfortable quarters. For, instead of being housed in a city hotel, in the wilderness of streets and dusty suburbs, the "Plantagenet Arms," or whatever it may call itself, stands in the midst of a beautiful and sequestered country. The long village street, with its drowsy existence, in no way interferes with the sense of calm. The good people may have their troubles; but, so far as appearances go, they are entirely contented with their lot, and there can be no question that some of their cottages are most delightfully picturesque. There are subjects for the sketch-book at every turn—in the cottages with timbered fronts and projecting upper floors; in the mill down the little side lane, with the great wheel going round among the weeping alders and pollard willows; in the old church, with the black yews among the green graves, and more than half hidden among its venerable elm-trees; in the vicarage on the other side of the low ivy-covered wall, with its miniature lawn and its overgrown shrubbery. In fine weather the place seems an earthly paradise, and you are likely to linger all the longer among its leafy bowers, because you know you can leave them at a moment's notice. It is only to ring, ask for the bill, and order the ostler to bring round the carriage.

#### IVAN TURGENIEFF.

A VERY distinct gap is made in the ranks of European novelists by the death of Ivan Turgénieff. Few instances could be adduced to parallel the popularity and fame enjoyed by a master of fiction who wrote in a tongue so strange to the vast majority of well-educated English-speaking people that they knew and admired his works through the medium of French, English, or, as perhaps in most cases, American, translations. Yet he was almost as well known and popular, and had almost as much influence upon other writers, as well as upon his readers, as Heine, who wrote in a language far more understood at large. In great measure he was and is, indeed, to one generation or even to two, the first really representative Russian master of imaginative literature. Pouschkine, the poet, we have all heard of, and most of us can quote common-places about him to some extent; but for one Englishman or American who has read anything of Pouschkine, there are probably fifty or a hundred who have read a good deal of Turgénieff. The reasons for this are perhaps not very far to seek. It is the nature of man to a great degree to read prose more willingly than verse, and it is very possible that publishers may have smiled far more readily on proposals for translations of Turgénieff's prose than on proposals for translations of any Russian poet, however good. However that may be, both the translators (who in some cases might, no doubt, have done their translating better) and the publishers did good service to literature in making Turgénieff's work accessible; and, once it was made accessible, its own qualities, almost as a matter of course, assured its success. The Russian novelist had the gifts of clearness, smoothness, picturesque power—never degenerating into the abominable thing called "word-painting"—truth, and pathos.

These are in themselves strong equipments for a writer of fiction; but there is yet one other thing wanted to make up the necessary list—a thing, as a great French actor once said, "no bigger than my finger-nail, but the most important of all"—that thing being instruction. This Turgénieff had in a marked degree. The case of his writing is no more a matter of chance than was the case as to that of Anthony Trollope; and in both cases numberless fine details go to make up a singularly living presentment of character, whether in the principal or in the subordinate personages introduced. There was a difference of method, and a considerable difference—which may be appreciated by comparing the treatment of any of Trollope's stories that discourse of unruly passions with Turgénieff's treatment of a like complication in the loves of Litvinof, Irene, and Tatiana in *Smoke*. The Russian was far more reticent than a Frenchman, even if that Frenchman were Mérimée whose style he affected, would have been; but he was less reticent than the Englishman. There was

no offence, in the true sense of the word, in anything that he ever wrote; but he probably wrote more freely on such subjects, and it may be thought equally probable that what was hailed with delight as the work of a Russian might have raised doubt or disapproval if it had been the work of an Englishman. It may be worth while to add, lest we should be in any way misunderstood as to this matter, that in Turgénieff's method there was never the slightest cause for honest disapproval. Only to take one instance, one may imagine that if he had taken charge of the relations between Montagu and the American lady in *The Way We Live Now*, he would have left them a little, but only a little, less vague, than they were left by Trollope. For the rest, both writers had an extraordinarily keen eye for the manners and the cast of thought of all classes of men, and an unusually graphic power of hitting them off in writing in which there was no semblance of effort.

Of the novel they held, it would seem, very different views. Turgénieff, like Mérimée, was often content to leave the conclusion of the complications with which he had dealt unsettled. Trollope, so far as we remember, never did this. To him a story which he once undertook was a thing which had to be carried out to the very end. You were to be interested in the varying fortunes of the heroes and heroines, and you were to know when you closed the book how, when, and why their difficulties had been solved, and the only thing to be left to your imagination was how they got on in that state of life in which the author had left them; and this is true even of each complete work in a series like that of the Barchester people. The reader is delighted to hear more of Lily Dale, of Eames, and even of Crosbie; but the end of each book is an end. You are not left out in the cold, as it were, wondering what is the final explanation of the vague conditions with which the book closes. But, for illustration of this radical difference, the short stories of both writers are perhaps more convenient than the longer novels; and for such a purpose one may perhaps contrast Turgénieff's *Three Meetings* with Trollope's *La Mère Bauche*, a story which in a compressed form gives an indication of how much more tragical and imaginative power Trollope possessed than he cared as a rule to put forward in his longer novels. In *La Mère Bauche* every character, down to the wretched, weak-minded young man who is practically the pivot of the story, is a living reality. The stern mother, the detestable and strictly conscientious wooden-legged Captain, the girl who is driven to death by their machinations, are all actual people, people that we should recognize at once if we met them after reading about them. And one knows all that one can possibly want to know about them after the catastrophe. In *Three Meetings* also we know, or think that we know, the characters of the people concerned thoroughly enough. The narrator, the mysterious lady, her sister, the sleepy *starosta*, the sullen care-taker Loukianitch, even the scarce-seen high-bred rascal to whom a mystery attaches—all these are living persons, and, as in the other case, persons whom we should at once know if we met them. But in the one case, that of Turgénieff, suggestion; in the other, that of Trollope, information, is used to bring about this result. The English novelist knocks in his nail; the Russian merely calls your attention to the fact that the nail is there inviting your notice; and the Russian gives no end to his story. It begins mysteriously, it ends mysteriously. "I went home," says the narrator after his third meeting and his first interview face to face with the mysterious lady. "Since then I have met my unknown no more. Like a vision I first saw her, like a vision she passed before me, to vanish for ever." What happened at Sorrento, what was the association with the Italian ballad *Passa quel colli*, what were the relations between the lady and "the tall handsome man with the moustaches," we never learn. It is the writer's art to make us as interested in these people of whose unravelled fortunes he shows us three slight episodes, as we are in the fortunes of people whose literary creator seems to know all about them. Both methods are, in their way, in first-rate hands, equally good; and it may depend upon the reader's or student's mood whether he prefers the one or the other. There is, perhaps, more scope for imagination, both on the writer's and the reader's part, in Turgénieff's way than in Trollope's; but it does not follow that the one was necessarily more or less imaginative than the other. But in the one case the old saw of "decipit exemplar vitii imitabile" is certainly more clearly instanced than in the other. Turgénieff's method was undoubtedly less conventional than that of our best-esteemed English novelists of the day. The want of conclusion was in his hands striking, not irritating. In the hands of his imitators it is irritating, and by no means striking. His minute treatment of detail was masterly; it all contributed to a general effect. His imitators have all the minuteness, nothing of the effect. They want, to use a common and expressive phrase, backbone. One feels in reading Turgénieff that he knows his characters, however lightly they may be touched in writing, thoroughly, and that he imparts this knowledge to the reader. One certainly cannot always feel this in reading Mr. Henry James, good as some of his work is. Turgénieff was capable of a long flight as well as of a short one. Mr. James's best work—and that is of its kind first-rate—has been in short stories. To put it shortly, Turgénieff overtopped, mentally as well as physically, most contemporary writers of fiction. His loss to the public is the greater, because he has left behind him, so to speak, a school without an instructor. His loss to his friends and acquaintances, who knew in the man the same sincerity, humour, and unostentatious purpose which were found in the writer, is incalculable.



## JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

THE name of the Emperor Julian has come down to posterity labelled with the ugly sobriquet of "Apostate," just as "Jeroboam the son of Nebat" is he "who made Israel to sin." Yet a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*, who appears to us to take too favourable rather than too unfavourable a view of his character, complains that his modern apologists have shown a tendency to slur over the fact of his apostasy, and ignore the evident marks of that hatred of Christianity which pervades his writings and was one of the ruling passions—we should be disposed to say the ruling passion—of his life. And we quite agree with the writer that, while Julian the Philosopher interests us as "a somewhat less dignified but more energetic Marcus Aurelius," the special interest of his career lies elsewhere; "Julian the Apostate is a perfectly unique figure, which will ever rivet the eyes of historical philosophers and philosophic historians." Accordingly it becomes a matter of interest to understand "the ground of his apostasy, and the mental attitude which Julian assumed towards the religion in which he had been brought up." A caution is added that apostasy need not here mean more than the abandonment of a religion once *professed*, for there is no evidence that Julian was even a sincere adherent of Christianity, and it seems open to question whether he was even baptized. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that his vehement recoil from the faith which he had for twenty years at least outwardly professed shaped the whole course of his thought and policy in after life. And thus we are led to inquire why he repudiated it. That "no man adopts a religious belief on intellectual or argumentative grounds" solely, or even chiefly, is very true, though the writer hardly appears to realize the full force of her remark. And for this, as well as other reasons, some of the common explanations offered of Julian's conduct must be regarded as at best inadequate. Milman refers to one, or rather two of them, when he says that "the un-Christian Christianity of Constantius must bear some part of the guilt of Julian's apostasy." Constantius, it will be remembered, was a very bad man and an Arian. And hence it has been urged that Julian was not trained in an atmosphere of purity either of Christian faith or morals. "The names of Christ and of Constantius," as Gibbon puts it, "were associated in his youthful imagination." And it is clear that he was deeply impressed with the evil example of the professed Christians who surrounded him, and was further alienated by the violent and vexatious manner in which Christian teaching and discipline were forced on him in his youth. Yet nothing but the strong prejudice which led him afterwards to cite in evidence of the loose lives of the early Christians St. Paul's description of the Corinthians before their conversion could have kept him ignorant of the general superiority of Christian to contemporary Pagan morality. And at times he does admit it, as when he says "It is a scandal that the Galileans should support the destitute, not only of their own religion, but of ours." These explanations at all events do not go to the root of the matter. Nor do we gain much light from the work he wrote expressly directed against the Gospel, and that for two reasons. In the first place we only possess fragments of it, and in the next place what we do possess is enough to show, as Milman says, that it was composed in a purely polemic spirit, with no lofty or comprehensive grasp either of the inherent strength of Christianity or the inherent weakness of the Pagan mysticism which he endeavoured to substitute for it.

In the main Julian's formal objections to the Christian system are of the kind we are familiar with in the works of modern sceptics, and, it must be added, sometimes of the kind to be met with in the writings of the coarser and more unintelligent section of unbelievers, as *e.g.* when he gravely argues that, if the whole earth were turned into bricks, it would not furnish sufficient materials for building the Tower of Babel, or that St. Luke could have had no possible means of information as to the appearance of the angel in the Agony. Sometimes, however, his objections illustrate the different tone of contemporary scepticism, as when he sneers, not at the Bible miracles as such—he was indeed himself greatly addicted to magic—but at the paucity and unimportance of the miracles attributed to Christ. In his contention that neither the Old Testament nor the New bears out the dogma of the divinity of Christ, we detect traces of his Arian training, for this was a point which could not really concern a disputant who rejected the authority of Scripture altogether. But in the main his arguments are of a commonplace and superficial kind, and are clearly not what determined his own judgment. We do however catch glimpses here and there of his spirit and tone of mind which go far to solve the problem. The writer in *Macmillan* insists that the ideas of Hellenic mythology and philosophy so completely possessed his mind as to make the reception of Christianity impossible to him. And this is true, so far, but it is only part of the truth. We may see in the vehement anti-Christian spirit of the Renaissance, more than a thousand years after the time of Julian, how sharply Hellenism and Hebraism—to adopt the modern phrase—may be contrasted. There were scholars then too who, like Julian, "regarded as contemptible charlatans men whose influence over mankind has been greater even than that of Homer or Plato," scholars to whom, as to him, St. Paul was no better than a "supreme charlatan." But the question remains how a man bred in Christian, if not in orthodox, beliefs came to look at matters in this light, and we take the answer to be that his whole ethical bent was entirely out of harmony with the fundamental principles of Christian faith and morality. The writer

touches on the confines of the subject in observing that, while Julian says nothing about the origin of evil, he appears to regard it as an imperfection due to the connexion of soul and body, and that "the absence of belief in an active power of evil is one of the causes of his incapability of appreciating either the Jewish or the Christian religion"; it is rather an integral part of that habit of mind which made Christianity at once incredible and odious to him. It is a fundamental principle of Christian teaching that human nature is corrupt and needs to be regenerated, which is explained by the doctrine of the Fall; on the other hand it is a fundamental principle of "Hellenism" that nature, as it is, is beautiful and good, and man's highest duty, as Göthe puts it, "*im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, resolut zu leben.*" Julian clung passionately to the latter theory, though he can hardly have been ignorant how woefully Paganism failed in his own day, as it had failed before, to realize—and ought to have known how little capacity or tendency it had for realizing—the lofty Stoic ideal to which he aspired. He saw the artistic grace of the Hellenic culture which he would fain have galvanized into a second life, but he would not or could not discern what has been pointedly expressed by one of the first Greek scholars of our own day—that, "if the inner life was presented to us of that period which in political greatness and in art is the most brilliant epoch of humanity, we should turn away from the sight with loathing and detestation." It is true that Julian was himself a man of strictly moral life and wished to infuse into the Pagan cult a strictness really plagiarized from the faith he had abandoned. But this arose more from natural temperament than from any deep ethical principle; so little indeed did his temptations lie in a sensual direction that, as Mr. Lecky observes, "his antipathy to public amusements was worthy of a bishop," and his austerity was as distasteful to his co-religionists as his opinions were to the Christians. But his ethical conceptions were at bottom of the Pagan, not the Christian type, and hence his instinctive aversion to the supreme Christian Exemplar of excellence. It is just those characteristics in the life and teaching of the Founder of Christianity which are most impressive to his followers, such as the Agony in the Garden and the exhortation to the weary and heavy-laden, which provoke in Julian only contempt or disgust. He cherished, as Neander says, an inward opposition to the spirit of the Gospel, and the fundamental Christian principles were precisely the thing which appeared hateful to him.

Here, we suspect, lies the true secret of his revulsion from the faith of his boyhood. His apostasy from Christianity to heathenism is to be explained in the same way as St. Augustine's conversion from Manicheism to the Church. Both were men of keen, though unequal, intellectual power, and both have left on record the argumentative grounds of their change of creed, but the real ground in either case was an ethical one. The Christian ideal revolted Julian while it satisfied the deepest cravings of Augustine. Those words of his dying oration, as recorded by Gibbon, are eminently characteristic:—"I die without remorse, as I have lived without guilt. I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life, and can affirm with confidence that the supreme authority has been preserved in my hands pure and immaculate."

Hence, too, we can understand the extreme bitterness of his antipathy to the faith he had renounced. It is misleading to speak of his famous edict against Christian schoolmasters as "one of the very few measures of persecution" which he allowed himself, and not really persecution at all. There was more of actual persecution, as we pointed out some years ago in reviewing Mr. Rendall's sketch of him, than his apologists are generally willing to admit, and this very edict is justly classed by Neander "among the *artifices* whereby he hoped to undermine the Christian Church, without resorting to sanguinary measures," which moreover would have been dangerous when the Church had become so powerful. And then again, in this as well as other respects, as Milman justly remarks, he was *felix opportunitate mortis*; "already there had been ominous indications that his temper would hardly maintain its moderate policy." To say however that a change of faith, in whatever direction, depends as much at least on ethical considerations as on abstract argument is not to imply that it is either involuntary or unintelligent, but only to say—what as regards Christianity is repeatedly insisted upon in the New Testament—that the will has as much to do with the matter as the intellect; and so it surely ought to have, but it acts by putting the intellect in motion, not by superseding it. A man who is both earnest and honest will desire to believe what most commends itself to his moral nature, but will not desire to believe it unless it is true. He will therefore examine the arguments with greater care than a man who is comparatively indifferent to the subject, but he will examine them with a bias, which may—as in Julian's case it evidently did to some degree—distort his judgment. It is for the wrong bias however rather than for the false reasoning that we should censure him, if we think his conclusions erroneous. In this way only can the importance ascribed in Scripture and by the Christian Church to a correct faith, and the moral responsibility commonly and rightly held to attach to a man for his belief, be explained. A false syllogism may betray intellectual weakness, but involves no moral fault, whereas the bias which has unconsciously warped the judgment may spring from moral defects for which the reasoner is himself responsible. If we condemn Julian's apostasy, we should condemn, not the bad reasoning unquestionably to be found in the fragments of his work *Contra Christianos*, which he honestly believed at the time to be sound reasoning,

but the cherished ethical bias which lent to an effete Paganism a glamour not its own, while it blinded him to the distinctive excellences of a purer creed. A man is rightly held responsible for his belief as well as for his character, because the one is to a large extent an outgrowth of the other. And Julian's distinctive character, in its weakness and its strength, has been admirably summed up by a great writer of our own day, who observes that "in the insensibility of conscience, in the ignorance of the very idea of sin, in the contemplation of his own moral consistency, in the simple absence of fear, in the cloudless self-confidence, in the serene self-possession, in the cold self-satisfaction (of his last hours), we recognize the mere philosopher." We recognize also why "the Christian doctrine of sanctification" and of sin was alike unintelligible and repulsive to him. Scripture difficulties were the result, not the source, of his disbelief; the root lay deeper. To him no compromise between Hellenism and Christianity was possible, for he was the natural child of a religion of culture which could not be harmonized with the religion of the Cross.

#### THE LUTHER EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ALTHOUGH the facts of Luther's life are too well known to need recapitulation here, it is impossible after a visit to this exhibition not to reflect on the extraordinary career in which an obscure Augustinian monk turned the whole course of the world's history. He was the religious Bismarck of Germany, and if he went to deplorable lengths, and carried his people further from the ancient faith than even the fiery Henry and the fanatical reformers and rulers of England carried her, it must be allowed that, quite apart from his extraordinary mental powers, his courage is a feature of his character which one is compelled to admire. As he was born on the 10th of November, 1483, a few months only after Richard III. had usurped the English throne, the celebration of his "quatercentenary" is not yet due; but the Germans have held already processions and other grand functions in his honour, according to their wont. In February 1946, no doubt, they will in like manner celebrate the quatercentenary of his death; but many things may happen before that epoch is reached. It was a happy idea of Dr. Ginsburg's to suggest this exhibition; and undoubtedly it has been well and thoroughly worked out, and contains a large number of most interesting relics of one whom multitudes of our fellow-countrymen hold in hardly less veneration than do the Germans themselves. One engraving among the many shown is so characteristic of the whole spirit of the Reformation as it was carried out in Germany that a brief description of it is necessary before we go on to survey the chief objects of the whole exhibition. It is a woodcut, and is dated in 1617. It is thus described in the catalogue just published:—"Representation of a dream which Frederick III., Elector of Saxony, was said to have had at Schweidnitz, the night before Martin Luther affixed his theses against indulgences to the door of the church at Wittenberg. Luther is writing on the door with a pen of great length, which, passing through the head of a lion, emblematical of the Church of Rome, knocks the tiara off the head of Pope Leo X. From this pen smaller ones are being drawn by other Reformers; and, on the right, two men are drawing feathers from a goose which is being burnt, and is intended to represent John Huss." The catalogue from which we take this extract has been compiled by Mr. Bullen, Keeper of the Department of Printed Books, and comprises a sketch of the great reformer's life, as well as an enumeration of the various objects shown. The portraits are described by Mr. Reid, the Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings; and the medals by Mr. Keary, of the Coin Room. The whole list, which extends to more than forty octavo pages, will form an interesting and valuable memorial of the exhibition.

The objects exhibited are portraits, medals, manuscripts, and printed books illustrating the career of Martin Luther. They are set out in cases in the room which contains the Grenville Library, and a statuette by Mr. Charles Martin is placed on a central table. It is astonishing to find how many Luther memorials are in England. Of course here his relations with Henry VIII. are of chief interest, and a copy of the first edition of the *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, which Henry wrote, is among the books. It was printed by Pynson in 1521, and was the immediate cause which led the Pope to confer the title of "Defender of the Faith" upon the King, who, as is well known, continued to use it after his renunciation of Rome, and bequeathed it to his successors down to the present day. The title-page is surrounded by a beautiful border designed by Hans Holbein. The answer of Luther to the King is also here in German, printed at Wittenberg in the following year:—"Antwortt deutsch Mart. Luthers auff König Heinrichs von Engelland buch," as well as two editions of another letter, written in 1525, with Henry's reply, printed together in a volume at Dresden in 1527, and at Cologne in the same year. In another case are the earliest printed documents relating to the Reformation. First comes a copy of the indulgence issued by Pope Leo X. for the rebuilding of St. Peter's, at Rome. This is the indulgence sold by Tetzel and Samson, as subcommissionaries under Albert, archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburg, which called forth Luther's indignant remonstrance. It is printed on vellum, and bears the name of "Philippus Kessel, Presbyter," in manuscript, together with the date of issue, namely 15th April, 1517. Next to this interesting document is a printed copy of the famous ninety-five theses, or propositions, against the doctrine of indulgences and

other points, which Luther posted on the doors of the church of Wittenberg on the 31st October, 1517, and upon which he challenged all the world to dispute with him in the university. His appeal to a General Council is next in order, dated in November 1518. In another case we see the first edition of the pamphlet against indulgences which was printed in a small quarto form about the same year, 1517, and which has on its title a woodcut portrait of Luther, the earliest of his many portraits known to exist. A long series of tracts, sermons, commentaries, treatises, and other works is in the same case, most of them as exhibited being chiefly remarkable to the eye for the exquisite woodcut borders with which such works were illustrated at that period. Some of them appear worthy of Albert Dürer, and many are known to be by his pupils among the so-called Little Masters. In 1548, when Henry had died and the more pronounced Protestant views of his successor and the Regent Somerset had become known, some of Luther's sermons were printed in England, and we observe "A ryght notable sermon made by Doctor Martyn Luther upon the twentieth chapter of Johan, of absolution and the true use of the Keys." This little book was printed at "Ippeswich," and in the same year, 1548, Lynne printed in London "The chiefe and pryncypall Articles of the Christen faythe to holde against the Pope and al Papistes." Two very interesting volumes of the German Bible, printed in 1541, contain respectively an autograph of Philip Melancthon, and one of Martin Luther, who has placed the date 1542 after his name. In 1557, after Luther's death, Melancthon wrote on a fly-leaf a long note in his well-known and beautiful handwriting, and this is also exhibited. Beside these volumes is another of the German Bible of 1558, which belonged to Augustus, the Elector of Saxony, and has his portrait illuminated as a frontispiece. The popularity of Luther and Melancthon in their native land is shown in the binding of a sixteenth-century book, which has their portraits impressed on the leather sides. There are many editions of the Bibles and Testaments, including a fine copy, in its original binding, of "Das Neue Testament Deutzsch," which was the first printed edition of any part of the translated Bible issued by Luther. It is dated at Wittenberg, in September 1522.

Even more interesting than these rare printed books are the manuscripts. The first is a letter to Spalatinus, touching upon various texts quoted in favour of purgatory, and asserting that a disbelief of this doctrine is no proof of heresy. It is dated at Wittenberg, "feria 2<sup>a</sup> post Leonardi, 1519," and is signed, as well as written throughout, by the hand of "Martinus Luther, Aug<sup>us</sup>." Beside this remarkable autograph is a copy made by Melancthon of Luther's letter to the Emperor Charles V. in his own defence; and next to it another letter, in Martin's handwriting, addressed to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, respecting a visit Luther had received from Barnes, one of the chaplains of Henry VIII. It is dated from Wittenberg, "die Palmaram, 1536." In the next case is a curious English paper, from among the Cotton manuscripts, containing a contemporary account of the ceremony of publishing the sentence of Leo X. against Martin Luther at St. Paul's Cross in May 1521. "The lord Thomas Wolsey," it tells us, "Cardinal of St. Cecely and Archbishop of Yorke, came unto Saint Pauls church of London with the most parte of the Byshops of the Realme, where hee was received with procession and sensyd by Mr. Richard Pace then beeing Deane of the said church." This dean, it will be remembered, was Colet's successor. Colet also probably on some occasions censured the great legate when he visited the cathedral. Wolsey was conducted to a great platform at the cross, on the north-eastern side of the church, and there "vnder his cloth of estate," his two crosses "on euerie side of him," with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, and the Papal messengers seated on the "pace where hee sit his feete," the "Legate de Latere" listened to a sermon by the Bishop of Rochester against the doctrines of "one Martinus Eleuthereus"; and while the sermon was going on, many of the heretic's books were burnt in the adjoining churchyard; "which ended, my Lord Cardinall went home to dinner with all the other Prelates."

The portraits exhibited are headed by an oil-painting which used to be hung among the curious collection in the Eastern Zoological Gallery. It is not contemporaneous, and yields in interest and in every other respect to the series of engraved likenesses. The first is by Lucas Cranach, and is dated 1521. It is a woodcut, and is well known by copies. A portrait of Catherine von Bora, Luther's wife, attributed to Cranach the younger, is also in the collection; but the most conspicuous is a very quaint representation of the body of the reformer as laid out in his chamber after death. He lies on a pallet on the floor, clad in a long white shroud, his head supported on a pillow, and his arms crossed on his breast. It is a woodcut, but is carefully and even brilliantly coloured, like an illumination. There are also portraits of a number of Luther's contemporaries, including the marvellous engraving by Dürer of Erasmus writing; the Elector Frederick the Wise, and Philip Melancthon, by the same artist; and Aldegrever's fine print of John of Leyden, the king set up in Münster by the Anabaptists. It would be impossible to go at length into all the portraits; but we must not neglect the medals. It was only a few years before Luther began to make his name known that the art of medal engraving reached Germany. "It was still a very costly process," says Mr. Keary, "and confined altogether to the service of the great. This accounts for the fact that we have only few contemporary medals of Luther and the other actors in the Reformation, excepting those of a more exalted rank, such as



Pope Leo X., the Emperor Charles V., Henry VIII. of England, and the Electors of Saxony." Nevertheless, the three medals which appear first on the list are contemporary portraits of Luther. On the reverses of the first two is his celebrated device—a cross on a rose in the centre of a heart, with the motto "In silentio et spe erit fortitudo vestra," from Isaiah (xxx. 15). One medal pretends, but on insufficient authority, to be by Albert Dürer, which serves to remind the visitor that Dürer, though he engraved portraits of Erasmus, of the Elector, of Philip Melancthon, and of another of Luther's friends, Billibald Pirckheimer, never drew the great reformer himself.

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF CRICKET.

UNDER this title Lord Harris has contributed a paper to the current number of the *National Review*. Anything that so good a player and so staunch a patron might have to say on a game which he has declared to be in his opinion "the grandest game in the world" will always be safe to find attention among the many thousands of English-speaking people who probably share his views. Moreover, his paper comes into the world at a happy time. The last days of a particularly busy and prosperous season are fast wearing to a close. The last county match was played this week, between Sussex and Derbyshire. Some of the most indefatigable of our amateurs are still disporting themselves in Ireland. On the Yorkshire coast the annual Scarborough "festival" has just been brought to an end, though in rather less brilliant fashion than was the case last year, when, in the unfinished match between the Australians and I Zingari, Bonnor capped some of the mightiest hitting of the season by scoring no less than twenty runs off a single over from Mr. Lucas. In some form or other cricket will no doubt continue to be played till the chills and mists of waning September bid even the most insatiate pause. But, as a rule, the best of the year has been seen when the first partridge falls. Most of us have had enough by then. The grounds are worn; the players are stale; the game is too apt to sink into a mere affair of "gate-money." But your thorough-going cricketer, though he may no longer care to play, loves still to talk of the game; and the appearance in print of so notable a champion as Lord Harris will no doubt become, in newspaper phrase, the subject of much comment among his brother gamblers. They are inclined, we fancy, to look with something of a scornful eye on most of the criticisms passed upon their favourite amusement; not always perhaps with justice, for they should remember that

He who has watched, not shared, the fight  
Knows how the day has gone,

as well, sometimes, as the stoutest and most skilful of combatants. It must be owned, however, that a considerable number of the suggestions offered in our periodical press have little more practical value than that of the fair enthusiast who, hearing her companion at Lord's remark with how "crooked" a bat a certain player was essaying to defend his wicket, asked—and not, indeed, without a show of reason—why he did not "get another." But Lord Harris as a critic upon cricket is, every one will allow, the right man in the right place.

Yet in one respect this paper is a little disappointing. One might have expected some definite explanation of his theories on the much-vexed question of throwing-bowling, if we may use the word, from one who is well known to be among the most earnest and active in his desire to see Law X. interpreted according to its strictest letter. Perhaps he thought that, the matter being as yet *sub judice*, it did not become a principal counsel in the case to comment publicly upon it; perhaps he thought that a paper on the development of cricket should be historical rather than critical. At any rate, this is all he finds to say on it:—"At the present day the great question is what means should be adopted to stop a tendency to throw which is becoming apparent, the great difficulty being to decide what is and what is not a throw." And this, with all respect to Lord Harris, does not help us very far on our way. "It is apparent to cricketers," he goes on, "that at the present time it is not every umpire who knows what a throw is." And yet, by his proposed amendment to Law X., it is precisely in these undecided hands that he would place the supreme power of life and death! Is not this something of a "contradiction in terms"? Nor is it among the umpires only that there is dissension; cricketers themselves are very far from united. More than one will tell you that it is among the slow and not among the fast bowlers that you must look for a throw, though they will shrewdly add that the former, if they do happen to hit you, cause much less pain than the latter—a confession which it were well for the reformers to bear in mind. Something, it is clear, must be done, if only to avoid a repetition of the disgraceful scene which marked the recent match between Surrey and Lancashire at the Oval. But who is to decide what that "something" shall be? And is it fair to throw the whole weight of the decision upon the umpire's shoulders—upon the shoulders of a man who is naturally loth to make enemies among those with whom he is thrown in daily contact and through whom he earns his bread? The umpire, it should moreover be remembered, has a divided duty; he must watch the bowler's foot as well as arm; and, therefore, with the best intentions in the world, he cannot always be in the best position to decide on this delicate and impalpable question. And

there are other reasons, as every cricketer knows, which point to the impropriety of submitting the whole affair to this sole arbitration; reasons on which we touched last month when reviewing the proposed alterations in the existing laws, and to which we need not now more fully return. It may be noted, however, that Lord Harris himself gives colour to them by a delightful story he tells of a certain umpire in a country match, wherein he himself was playing, who, having refused an appeal for "run out," warned the batsman that he really must be more careful, for he *was clean out that time*. Lord Harris is careful to add that so untoward an instance of fallibility is an exception, and to declare his conviction that umpires, as a rule, give their decisions without bias. Every one will be glad to agree with him; yet it is clear that if there be found but one unjust man among a hundred umpires the value of the ninety and nine just is very seriously impaired.

The difficulty is a grave one. If the game is to retain the blameless reputation it has won through many obstacles and kept now for many years, it is clear these contentions must cease. Yet it is hard to say how the offence is to be removed. A return to the strictest interpretation of the old law, which ordained that every ball should be delivered below the shoulder, would be effectual no doubt, but would be effectual with a vengeance, for it would practically put out of court three-fourths of the best bowlers in England. There is something ludicrous in the idea of having all the bowlers up before the Marylebone Committee at the beginning of every season to "pass," much as little boys at Eton are required to "pass" in swimming before they are allowed to take to boating. Either way madness seems to lie; yet what third course is open, save, to be sure, "to hold out our bats and wink"? And this, indeed, has been suggested in the *Field* of last week by a writer whose initials might stand for a player not often seen now, but a very few seasons ago of considerable note. He is convinced that "the only practical way out of our difficulty is to allow throwing without more ado." The law cannot be enforced, and must therefore be repealed. There is throwing, he declares, all over the country; "it is the natural outcome of the bowler's instinct of self-defence against too great odds." It is therefore, he maintains, imperatively necessary to the good name and fame of cricket that we should acknowledge as lawful what we are powerless to prevent, for "cricket, like other games, is spoiled if considerations of honour are thrown to the winds." He very truly points out, moreover, that "throwing on a good wicket is perfectly harmless"; but when he goes on to declare that "the supremacy of slow bowling over fast has made cricket a dull game to play and a duller game to watch," and that, "unless throwing be allowed, its popularity as a scientific spectacle will be gone," he seems a little less easy to follow. On such wickets as he presupposes, and they probably are the rule now rather than the exception, throwing would lose not only its danger to the batsman, but also its danger to the wicket. Most cricketers are, we believe, agreed that on a perfectly level and sound ground there is, if we may be pardoned a somewhat Celtic form of speech, no bowling so easy either to play or to hit as throwing. His contention, therefore, that by making throwing lawful, the bowler and batsman would be brought much more on a level than they now are, and the interest of the game thereby considerably increased, seems to us hardly a sound one. To consider thus, however, at the present stage of the proceedings is perhaps to consider a little too curiously. In all doubtful matters the first thing necessary is to be quite sure what not to do; and we most thoroughly agree with the writer in the *Field* that it will never do to leave, as Lord Harris proposes, the sole power of decision in the hands of the umpires. But for the rest it really seems difficult to say more than good Corporal Nym said in a no less delicate matter, "There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell."

And as conclusions there must be to our article as well as to this dispute, we will pass over the main body of Lord Harris's paper, which is everywhere pleasant to read and well considered, if of no very essential importance, to stop for a moment on perhaps the most pregnant paragraph of all, in which our Australian friends are recommended to "discourage any too anxious inclination among amateurs towards turning cricket into a lucrative profession. If," he goes on, "professional cricketers prove to be necessary in Australia, as I say they are in England, encourage their appearance by all means; but do not do anything to encourage the formation of a class of semi-professionals." We can all remember what trouble was threatened a few years ago by a conspicuous instance of the "semi-professional" among ourselves, and it needs no very acute intelligence to see signs of unpleasantness likely to arise "by the long wash of Australasian seas." An adequate remuneration is but fair to men who leave their homes and their professions and travel many thousands of miles to play the game for sheer love of it; at least they may fairly expect not to find themselves out of pocket. But, as Lord Harris most pertinently observes, "there is a happy mean capable of attainment, and a too eager stipulation for favourable terms, both at home and abroad, may lead to these visits being received with indifference rather than welcome"; and, he might have added, with a feeling somewhat less negative than indifference. Courtesy to strangers, and especially to strangers who have proved themselves such masters of the game, may have hitherto led our authorities to wink at many things very far from "convenient" that have happened both here and over-sea. But courtesy may be stretched too far; and it is mere prudery to treat players who notoriously regard their visits here from a purely pecuniary point of view as amateurs and guests, more especially when their ideas on this

subject are not such as serve either the best interests of the game or the maintenance of good-fellowship. These considerations are, it seems to us, even of more importance than the great bowling question; and we venture to hope that the Marylebone Committee will bear them in mind when they meet during the ensuing winter to settle the latter. We will hope, moreover, that Lord Harris's paper may find its way to Australia, and be read, marked, learned, and thoroughly digested by Messrs. Murdoch and Co. before they set out on their next visit to England.

#### THE COTTON TRADE.

THERE is again depression in the weaving branch of the cotton trade. Employers in some districts are altering the arrangements according to which their workpeople are paid, and in other large districts there is talk of an attempt to lower wages. In consequence there is a serious strike in the Ashton district, while fears are entertained that we may see a formidable strike also in North-East Lancashire. For a year or two there has been a falling-off in trade generally owing to the long-continued agricultural depression, aggravated by the collapse of speculation in France and the United States. And this falling-off has, of course, extended to the cotton industry. But there are special causes also adversely affecting that industry, as is evident from the fact that it is only the weaving branch that is seriously depressed. In the first half of the year, indeed, the spinning branch was prosperous; for of thirty-five Oldham spinning Companies that published accounts in July only three declared no dividend, and even they made profits, though they had to apply them to cover past losses. Of the thirty-two Companies remaining, only two declared dividends of less than 5 per cent., while five paid from 6 to 9 per cent., and the twenty-five others distributed as much as from 10 to 20 per cent. And, though Oldham may have special advantages, what is true of it is more or less true of all the spinning districts. Of late, indeed, the spinning branch has begun to complain, as was inevitable in the condition of the weaving business. But the change is quite recent. And the price of the raw material has likewise been fairly maintained, bearing in mind that the American crop of last year was the largest ever grown, and that this year's crop will probably be larger still. The growth of population and wealth implies a great increase in the consumption of cotton goods, and therefore maintains, as we see, a demand for the raw material nearly proportionate to the extension of cultivation. If natural laws were allowed to operate freely, it is probable that the growth of the trade would be chiefly in England. But legislation has stepped in to regulate it, and by means of protective tariffs has forced into existence a cotton industry in most Continental countries and in the United States. In this way, no doubt, the demand for the raw material has been rather increased. For the English industry goes on steadily growing and extending its sphere of influence, while artificial new industries are springing up elsewhere. But it is obvious that the closing of so many markets to English trade tends to derange that trade, and to plunge it in difficulties every now and then. Practically the export of cotton goods from this country to the Continent has for a long time remained stationary, and therefore the English industry is dependent mainly upon the home market and the markets of the Far East. But the home market has been adversely affected by the long-continued agricultural depression, and by the consequences that have followed the collapse of speculation in the United States and in France; while the markets of the Far East have been over-supplied. At the end of the last great famine in India there was an unprecedented export of cotton goods to that country, where for a while there was, as a matter of course, a great demand for the refurnishing of wardrobes. And the export was continued long after the demand began to slacken. In consequence the Indian markets have been over-supplied; but nevertheless the looms of Lancashire, which had been over-stimulated by the excessive exports, have gone on producing at the old rate. To some extent also the Chinese market has in the same way been over-supplied. It thus happens that the weaving branch of the trade now finds itself in difficulties, while as yet the spinning branch has not seriously suffered, and the demand for the raw material in consequence keeps up.

It is admitted by the workpeople as well as by the employers that the price of the manufactured article is so little higher than the price of yarn that manufacturers have no profit for themselves, and sometimes even do not realize enough to pay the cost of production. But, while the fact is admitted by both sides, there is a divergence of view as to the remedy to be applied. Even amongst the employers there are doubtless many ready to concede that there is overmuch capital invested in the industry, and that it would be well if some means of checking competition could be devised. But others see that this is out of the question, and are ready with a practical plan. It is agreed, they observe, that the difference between the price of the manufactured article and that of yarn is not enough to yield a profit on the manufacture. Therefore the thing to be done is to reduce the cost of manufacture. But wages constitute a large proportion of that cost. Therefore, they argue, let wages be lowered. The workpeople reply that the proposed remedy would not materially benefit the employers, while it would seriously injure the employed. Mr. Birtwistle, one of the secretaries of the Operative Weavers' Asso-

ciation of North-East Lancashire, in a circular to the district secretaries, contends that a reduction of 5 per cent. in wages would make a difference of no more than a halfpenny in the price of forty yards of cotton cloth, and consequently only one-third of a halfpenny in a lady's dress. He triumphantly asks how could such a reduction improve the condition of the manufacturer? It would not lower the price to the public either, and therefore would not stimulate demand. Assuming the correctness of Mr. Birtwistle's calculations, it is unquestionable that a reduction in wages by itself would effect little. But we presume that the employers contemplate a reduction of wages only as one of the measures necessary to improve their position. It may well be that by itself alone it would make no material change in the situation, and yet that, in combination with other economies, it would enable the employers to keep their looms working. The reply, therefore, does not really meet the point. But Mr. Birtwistle urges that the present depression is temporary; that it has been brought on by over-production, caused by manufacturers who have neither capital nor skill to conduct their businesses aright; that after a while they will drop out; and that in the meanwhile only temporary remedies are required. He proposes, therefore, a restriction of production. At every period of depression this is the favourite proposal of the workpeople. It assumes that the depression will be followed by good times, and that all that is needed is breathing space to allow of the excessive supplies in the markets of the world passing into consumption. No doubt the assumption is well founded. As a matter of course there will by and by be a period of active trade. But manufacturers object to artificial restrictions of production because, while their machinery is idle, the interest on the capital sunk in it is accumulating; and because, moreover, it in no way stimulates consumption, while it leaves the field open to rivals. It is so manifestly true that, when the sale of an article cannot be effected at one price, the surest way to dispose of it is to lower the price, and, further, that manufacturers cannot go on lowering prices unless they can also reduce the cost of production, that at first sight the resistance of workpeople who admit the reality of the difficulty does not seem very intelligible. They are as much interested as their employers in avoiding a crisis. It would surely be better for them, too, to submit to a moderate reduction of wages than to be idle two or three days a week. But the workpeople fear that, if once they consent to a reduction of wages, they will find it very hard to raise them again, whereas they are satisfied that employers will resume full work the instant the conditions are favourable. They think it better, therefore, to submit to a temporary greater loss than to risk a permanent reduction in the rate of wages. Besides, they suspect the employers of always harbouring a desire to cut down wages, and think it necessary therefore to make the realization of the desire as difficult as possible. As a matter of fact, employers have no interest in a general permanent reduction of wages. For the advantage of such a reduction would be shared by competitors. And the loss of purchasing power by the working classes would in the long run diminish manufacturers' profits. But employers have an interest in local and individual reductions, and against them the Trade-Unions are so constantly on their guard that they refuse to see when the occasion for a reduction really arises. It is to be feared, therefore, that the industry will be convulsed by disputes if it is found necessary to insist on reductions.

We trust, however, that the necessity may be avoided; that employers and employed will have good sense and good feeling enough to come to such a compromise as will avoid a strike that would disarrange the industry and cause unspeakable suffering to helpless women and children. Not impossibly the employers may be enabled to do this by a fall in the price of the raw material. It seems clear that the price of the raw material is artificially kept up at present. As we have already said, last year's American crop was the largest ever grown, and this year's is expected to be at least as large. At the same time, owing to the general depression in trade, the consumption is certainly falling off. There ought to be, therefore, a greater decline in the price of the raw material than has yet taken place. It has been sustained up to the present by the activity in the spinning trade; but of late the demand for the raw material has greatly fallen off. During the past fourteen weeks the deliveries to the trade from Liverpool have averaged only 50,700 bales per week, against 58,920 bales during the same period of last year. The consumption of the raw material, then, is seriously decreasing, and with the decrease it may be expected that there will be a fall in price. But a fall in the price of the raw material, accompanied by a great decline in the consumption of yarn by manufacturers, would inevitably lead to a fall in the price of yarn also. The position of the manufacturer might thereby be greatly improved without material lowering of wages. On the other hand, it is not to be lost sight of that if the drought in the North-West of India should become severe, there would be a still greater falling-off in the demand for cotton in India, which would adversely affect the position of the manufacturer, and might force him to insist upon a considerable reduction of wages. The outbreak of war between France and China would likewise very injuriously affect the industry. A blockade of the treaty ports, for example, would close China to the British merchant. The prospect, therefore, is by no means bright. It is to be hoped that manufacturers and workpeople will not make it gloomier by exaggerated pretensions.



## REVIEWS.

## SEEBOHM'S ENGLISH VILLAGE COMMUNITY.\*

IF fame be happiness, happy above its fellows is the township of Hitchin in Hertfordshire. It is not to every township that it is given to serve as the starting-point of a profound historical inquiry, and to see its boundaries and divisions treated as matters of importance to the world in general, and even worthy of the attention of leader-writers in the *Times*. These honours Hitchin owes to the presence of Mr. Seebohm in its midst, and to its good fortune in not having been swept over "by the ruthless broom of an Enclosure Act."

Mr. Seebohm has gone to work somewhat upon the principle of the naturalist who reconstructs an extinct animal from a single bone. He has begun by studying the remains of the open field system in his own township of Hitchin, and from thence has proceeded to build up a history of the system throughout England. This study from the life, as one may say, gives his work an especial value. His facts will be welcome even to those who hesitate at accepting conclusions which cut at the root of many a cherished belief in the primitive freedom of the English race. In his preface Mr. Seebohm describes his book as "an attempt to set English Economic history upon right lines at its historical commencement by trying to solve the still open question whether it began with the *freedom* or with the *serfdom* of the masses of the people":—

On the answer to this question depends fundamentally the view to be taken by historians (let us say by politicians also) of the nature of the economic evolution which has taken place in England since the English Conquest. If answered in one way, English Economic History begins with free village communities which gradually degenerated into the *serfdom* of the Middle Ages. If answered in the other way, it begins with the *serfdom* of the masses of the rural population under Saxon rule—a *serfdom* from which it has taken 1,000 years of English economic evolution to set them free.

Though Mr. Seebohm's volume has grown out of two papers laid by him before the Society of Antiquaries, it is not a merely antiquarian interest that he feels in his theme. His main object is to aid in laying a foundation for "the practical politics of the future." Before, however, we concern ourselves with the answer to be given to the question of freedom *versus* *serfdom*, we may pause upon the antiquarian aspect of the subject. The first chapter is illustrated by a map of Hitchin township, c. 1816, and two of Purwell Field within that township, showing how the greater part of the land was divided into little narrow slips. Probably at an earlier period the whole would have been found to be thus cut up. These strips, common to open fields all over England, were separated by *balks* of unploughed turf, and varied more or less in size even in a single field. But, taking them generally, the usual strip was roughly identical with an acre of forty rods in length and four rods in width—that is to say, of four roods lying side by side. "Thus the strips are in fact roughly cut 'acres,' of the proper shape for ploughing." From the acre strip the author goes on to explain the nature of "shots" or "furlongs," groups of strips a "furrow-long" in width; and *balks*, the unploughed spaces left as divisions; *headlands*, on which the plough turns; *lynches* or *lines*, the banks of the terraces made by the plough on a hillside, or the terraces themselves, which in many hilly districts still remain, looking like some primitive system of fortification. Then there are the "gores," "gored acres," or "goreacres" which are not, as might rashly be supposed, English forms of *Aceldama*, the Field of Blood, but are analogous to *gores* as understood by a sempstress. Corners of the fields which, from their shape, could not be cut up into the usual acre or half-acre strips, were sometimes divided into these "gores" or tapering strips. "In other cases little odds and ends of unused land remained, which from time immemorial were called 'no man's land,' or 'any one's land,' or 'Jack's land.'" It is interesting to learn that nearly all these terms exist in Old-English charters. To take one instance among many. Mr. Seebohm cites from Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*, cccxcix., "quod indigenae nunc monnes land vocant."

The maps further show the scattered and intermixed ownership of the strips and the very small proportion of meadow and pasture to arable land. From a presentment of 1819 it appears that the open arable fields had been immemorially cultivated in three successive seasons of *tithgrain* (the wheat crop), *etchgrain* (the spring crop, generally of oats or beans), and *fallow*. Mr. Seebohm sums up the working of the open field system as follows:—

If the Hitchin example may be taken as a typical one of the English open field system, it may be regarded generally as having belonged to a village or township under a manor. We may assume that the holdings were composed of numbers of strips scattered over the three open fields; and that the husbandry was controlled by those rules as to rotation of crops and fallow in three seasons which marked the three-field system, and secured uniformity of tillage throughout each field. Lastly, whilst fallow after the crop was gathered, the open fields were probably everywhere subject to the common rights of pasture. The sheep of the whole township wandered and pastured all over the strips and balks of its fields, while the cows of the township were daily driven by a common herdsman to the green commons, or, after Lamma Day, when the hay crop of the owners was secured, to the lammas meadows.

At this point the question which presents itself to the inquirer's

\* *The English Village Community examined in its Relations to the Manorial and Tribal Systems, and to the Common or Open Field System of Husbandry: an Essay in Economic History.* By Frederic Seebohm. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1883.

mind is how far the Hitchin example is typical, and what is the evidence of the prevalence of the open field system. In the first place, Mr. Seebohm appeals to the evidence of the Enclosure Acts, which generally begin with the recital that the open and common fields lie dispersed in small pieces intermixed with each other and inconveniently situated, that divers persons own parts of them, &c.—in short, which point to the existence of a system recognizable as that described by our author in the extract above. The fact that between 1760 and 1844 nearly four thousand Enclosure Acts were passed sufficiently shows how widely spread was this system down almost to our own days. From the Enclosure Acts Mr. Seebohm works backward to the Middle Ages, and thence to what he calls "Saxon times." As it would take too long to follow him through these, we must content ourselves with saying that he displays a wonderful amount of painstaking research into Manor Rolls, Hundred Rolls, cartularies, custumals, the Domesday Survey, and the charters in Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*; he throws much light upon those, to most people, profoundly mysterious terms of *virgate* or *yard-land*, *hide* and *carucate*; and he examines into the status and the services of villani, bordarii, and servi. And readers who are disposed to skip pages upon *virgates* and *carucates* and such severe subjects may yet be interested when the author shows how well the details of the *Vision of Piers Plowman*, "the faire felde ful of folke," in which the poet saw "alle maner of men," "worchyng and wandryng," agree with the open field system:—

A modern English field shut in by hedges would not suit the vision in the least. It was clearly enough the open field into which all the villagers turned out on the bright spring morning, and over which they would be scattered, some working and some looking on.

The *furlong* in which the illiterate priest knew well how to find a hare, the *balks* which were dugged up by "dikers and delvers," the *half-acre* which Piers himself had to plough and sow, all belong to the open field. So, too, Mr. Seebohm makes more intelligible to us the prophecy of the dying Eadward the Confessor concerning the green tree which should be severed from its root and removed for the space of three acres (*trium jugerum spatio*). Setting aside the inward and spiritual meaning of the King's utterance, which Archbishop Stigand at the time irreverently pronounced to be nonsense, its outward and literal sense has sufficiently puzzled commentators. Even so close an adherent to original authorities as Mr. Freeman has stumbled at the three acres length, and has ventured on the conjectural emendation of "three furlongs." Mr. Seebohm gives the ingenious and probable explanation that the acre-strips of the common field were in Eadward's mind, perhaps before his very eyes—for the Domesday Survey testifies that Westminster was a manor inhabited by villains holding each a *virgate* or half-*virgate*—i.e. some thirty or fifteen acres scattered in acre or half-acre strips up and down the common fields—and with a common pasture:—

It may be that the delirious king as "he sat up in bed" dreamily gazed through the window of his chamber upon the open fields, and the turf balks dividing the acres. The green tree may have been suggested to his mind by an actual tree growing out of one of the balks. The uneven glass of his window-panes would be just as likely as not as he rose in his bed to sever the stem from the root to his eye, moving it apparently three acres' breadth higher up the open field, restoring it again to its root as he sank back on his pillow. The very delirium of the dying king thus becomes the most natural thing in the world when we know that all round were the open fields, and balks, and acres.

The part of Mr. Seebohm's work which will rouse the most opposition is his conclusion that the English village community existed from the first in "settled *serfdom* under a lordship." He almost reverts to that time-honoured theory of the lawyers which Mr. Freeman is never weary of ridiculing—that, "as there has been an hereditary king from all eternity, so there has been an hereditary lord of the manor from a time only so far short of eternity as to give the king time to make him a grant." Substituting the tribe for the king, and not insisting upon hereditary succession, Mr. Seebohm really does come very near to the lawyer-like plan of beginning everything with the lord of the manor. The result of his investigations is that he traces in Britain two parallel systems of rural economy side by side—that of the *tribal* community in the Western districts, which concerns the students of Welsh and Gaelic rather than of strictly English history, and that of the *manorial* village community in the Eastern districts. This manorial land system he considers to have been of mixed Roman and German origin, and he goes very fully into the history of the Roman and German land systems, and the obscure subjects of the *jugum* and the *hide*. Here, however, we are met by this difficulty. The three-field method of cultivation, which the author considers to characterize the manorial system, cannot be traced in North Germany, the supposed home of the English race, though it is to be found in Middle and South Germany. Mr. Seebohm is thus driven either to the suggestion that the Teutonic invaders of England really came from Middle Germany, or to fall back upon the belief in an earlier Germanic population sprung from colonies of Germans planted in Britain by the Romans. This at least is what we understand him to mean; for, among the mass of facts he has collected, it is not always easy to follow the thread of his argument. Further, he supposes that the fifth-century invaders either allowed the conquered population to live on in their old homes in *serfdom*, or else that they brought over their own *serfs* from Germany. The one thing which he is quite clear about is, that they do not appear, as a rule, to have established *free* village communities. Now, though we quite

admit that the mass of evidence which Mr. Seebohm has collected, and of which within our present limits we can give no adequate idea, makes strongly in favour of his views, there are still great historical difficulties to be overcome. If the conquered Roman-British population remained settled in its villages and tilling its fields under the conquering aristocracy of Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, one would expect to find England as distinctly Roman and British as France is Roman and Gallic. That any part of the conquered population was appreciably Germanic is hard to believe in face of the fact that the English invaders recognized no community of race or blood with the people they conquered, but denoted them all by the hostile name of *Welsh*. Lastly, there remains the suggestion that the invaders came from the "districts of Middle Germany reaching from Westphalia to Thuringia," rather than from the northern coasts—a suggestion for which we should like to have some evidence beyond that of the presence or absence of the three-field system. Moreover, as Westphalia, without specification whether the ancient Westphalia, the Circle, the Duchy, or the modern Prussian province, is meant, is a somewhat vague term, it would be well to be rather more explicit. On some points we feel that further inquiry is needed before the last word can be said. One may ask whether a three-course rotation of crops has not sufficient foundation in the eternal fitness of things to make it possible that it may have spontaneously arisen in districts far apart. It may be that the nature of the soil as well as of the people should be taken into account in deciding why the system exists in one quarter and not in another. One may ask, too, whether further inquiry may not discover traces of the three-field system in connexion with free as well as serf communities. But, whatever conclusion may be finally arrived at, we must acknowledge that Mr. Seebohm has made a most valuable contribution to historic study. How far practical politics will be affected by his researches is another matter. Perhaps, as he suggests, "the knowledge of what the community and equality of the English village and of the Celtic tribe really were under the old order may at least dispel any lingering wish or hope that they may ever return." No doubt there is force in his remark that "communistic systems such as these we have examined, which have lasted for 2,000 years, and for the last 1,000 years at least have been gradually wearing themselves out, are hardly likely—either of them—to be the economic goal of the future." But we suspect that, as a rule, Socialists and other political dreamers do not give much study to the past, or that, if they do, their conclusions are not much affected thereby. A man in pain and sleeplessness turns from one side to the other, simply because he is uncomfortable; and with Socialists and all other revolutionists it is real or imagined pain and unrest, and not convictions founded upon reasoning and observation, which prompt their movements.

One word more we will add. Mr. Seebohm has done excellent service in tracing and preserving the history of the township in which he dwells. It is to be hoped that his example will induce others to do as much for their own parts of the country. There are still existing among us manor-courts with mysterious powers, fully understood only by the lord and his legal adviser, if by them; there are still villages with "cow-gates," common pastures, and common quarries, whose history can be written only by those who have lived on the spot and know the workings of the system. It is not to be expected that everybody should rival Mr. Seebohm in research into the nature of the *jugum* or the *hide*, and the status of the *colonus* or the *let*; but there are many who could contribute materials for history by searching out and accurately recording the traces of common occupation and common tillage which come under their own observation.

#### VALBEZEN'S ENGLISH AND INDIA.\*

MACAULAY once amused himself by picturing the kind of book which might have been written on the English conquest of Bengal by the most brilliant French author of the last century. Voltaire, said the essayist, had he carried out a suggestion pressed on him, would have produced a picturesque narrative containing "many grotesque blunders" and "much sublime theophanthropy stolen from the New Testament and put into the mouths of virtuous and philosophical Brahmins." M. de Valbezen has enjoyed far more facilities than Voltaire, and has told his countrymen much that they ought to know about the re-conquest of Upper and Central India from the grasp of the mutinous Sepoys. He has had experience both of literature and politics, of French salons and of English administration. When quite a young man he charmed Parisian society by a story entitled *Le Chien d'Alcibiade*, and he has with more mature judgment written some excellent papers for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. To a knowledge of some of the principles of Anglo-Indian administration acquired during a residence at Calcutta as Consul-General for his own country, and from intimacy with some of the leading English statesmen and administrators on the spot, he has added the information picked up in a tour in the interior of India. And there is no doubt that the spectacle of a mere handful of Englishmen ruling the masses, extorting from them acquiescence in foreign domi-

nation, and occasionally confidence and gratitude, has produced in this intelligent Frenchman sentiments of admiration and respect. There is in his pages no condemnation of an imaginary Albion—deep, designing, and perfidious. It never occurs to him to hint that a French Viceroy would have managed Indian affairs better; would have crushed or anticipated the Revolt of Islam and Hinduism combined. It is very difficult for one of his nation to be dull; and M. de Valbezen's literary ability shines or pierces through its foreign attire. We are by no means sure that the author has been happy in his translator. It would have been well had "a Diplomat" learnt something of Oriental diplomacy, or referred to some of the writers who, during the last twenty years, have given their own versions of the tremendous struggle of 1857. We do not expect a French author to adopt Mr. Hunter's or Colonel Mallet's transliteration, and to carry in his head the correct designations of obscure villages cleared at the point of the bayonet, or insignificant streams and *nullahs* where fugitive Sepoys rallied for a final stand. But some of the most palpable blunders might have been avoided, and attention to terminology might have been expected from a gentleman who burns with admiration for Mr. Gladstone, and who undertakes to present his countrymen with a work "couronné" by the French Academy. Here are a few instances to justify these strictures. The Nana's name is Daudhu Pant and not Daudon Pan. Pattgalah is, of course, meant for Pattiala, and Indgespore for Jugdespore, the jungly stronghold of Koer Sing. A water-carrier in India is a Bihishti, and not a Chisti. Mahaddi should be Mehndi, the Mohammedan Imam who is always starting up, like Jack-in-the-box, whenever there is a religious movement amongst the Musalman community in Bengal, the Soudan, or anywhere else. Sir H. Lawrence is called Viceroy, which he never actually was. Lady Canning died at Calcutta and not at Simla. Pandon Haddi is put for the Pandoo Nuddi, the scene of one of Havelock's battles on his march from Cawnpore to Lucknow. Haddi, we must beg a "Diplomat" to remember in future, means a "bone." Nuddi is a stream or river. We might prolong this catalogue of misprints and errors, but in so doing we should convey a very erroneous impression of the worth of this book. The translation, as a rule, is neither stiff nor pedantic, and, as far as we can guess, is accurate and scholarly. But an experienced French scholar should avoid the snare of the French word "on." *On s'étonne* or *on prétend* is better rendered by "it is matter for wonder," or "it was asserted," than by "one wonders." Neither in English do we talk of "famous barristers" making 8,000*l.* a year. Very likely M. de Valbezen had in his mind certain advocates of the Supreme and High Courts at Calcutta to whom he gave the epithet "fameux." But we should call them barristers of great reputation or large practice.

However, the translator is quite right in insisting that we must be glad to know what an experienced and observant foreigner thinks of English administration abroad or of our politics at home. And he might have fairly added that M. de Valbezen's narration of the outbreak of the Mutiny, of the rapid progress of the conflagration, of the heroic attitude of civilians and soldiers cut off from friends and beleaguered by foes, of the momentous struggle before Delhi, of the splendid march across India by Sir H. Rose, and of the cautious and triumphant strategy of Lord Clyde, with all the other episodes of individual gallantry and devotion, will not suffer by comparison with several of the histories compiled by laborious and well-trained Anglo-Indian writers. Indeed, in spite of omissions and errors, the work is more effective as a whole than many more ambitious narratives. The transitions are less abrupt; the sequence is less interrupted; the tableaux are fully as striking; the conclusions generally are more dispassionate and sound. Nothing can be more graphic or picturesque in their several ways than the description of Bareilly, the capital of Rohilcund, with its narrow streets and leafy suburbs; or the page devoted to the Begums of Bhopal; or the sketch of the rise and progress of the Mahratta dynasties. But M. de Valbezen does not merely undertake to describe battles and sieges where "the ranks are rolled in vapour and the winds are lulled with sound." He has a good deal to say on Indian finance, resources, and credit; and he delivers a very clear and well balanced judgment on the causes of the Sepoy revolt. It is much to his credit that he does not reiterate vague charges of misgovernment; and that, without palliating outbursts of feeling or an occasional cry for vengeance, he does full justice to the "noble conduct of the European population during this memorable crisis." In his opinion, nationality and patriotism are not plants of Indian growth. Rivalries, factions, jealousies abound; and Mussulman fanaticism can easily be set on fire. The Mutiny was no war of independence. It was not even one of religious passion; though doubtless caste and greased cartridges had a good deal to do with the explosion. Neither was it owing to the intrigues of native princes threatened with deposition, annexation, or the bogey of "lapse" conjured up by Sir John Kaye. As has been often pointed out before, the mass of the population remained passive and acquiescent wherever the civil authority was not withdrawn. Native princes guarded the communication between the Punjab and Delhi, and the loyalty of some of the great chiefs survived the defection of their own troops. The Mutiny was "the work of the army, and cannot be attributed to anterior and external intrigues, though ambitious and discontented persons made use of it for their own purposes." It is gratifying to find a foreigner capable of drawing temperate and sound conclusions out of a mass of incompatible arguments and conflicting testimonies employed by writers and speakers who seem proud of the oppor-

\* *The English and India: New Sketches.* By E. de Valbezen, late Consul-General at Calcutta, Minister Plenipotentiary. Translated from the French (with the Author's permission) by a Diplomat. London: Allen & Co., 1883.



tunity of blackening the character of their countrymen and of stammering out feeble excuses for our holding India at all.

We can understand, and even forgive, M. de Valbezen's scarcely concealed dislike of Lord Palmerston. He has a quiet hit at that statesman's measure for the abolition of the East India Company; and, while he considers it a sort of sop to popular passion, he denounces the opposition to the Suez Canal as impolitic and short-sighted. On the other hand, the author has no very great admiration for Russia, and he placidly contemplates the arrival of any number of Sepoy regiments from Bombay at any given point of Syria or Turkey in Europe, as they easily might land, in the annual relief, at Kurrachee or Cannanore. He is also decidedly of opinion that India cannot be successfully invaded from the north; and, as forces auxiliary to the English army, he reckons on the sterile tracts, the fierce and independent tribes, the inadequate supply of food to the invader, and the certainty of epidemics in his camp. In short, the author sides with the school of Lord Lawrence in this animated controversy. It might be imagined from this that he is a follower of Mr. Gladstone; and such an idea is to a certain extent countenanced by a short passage in the translator's preface which quotes with evident approbation one of the Prime Minister's speeches on India at Leeds. But we are very much mistaken if M. de Valbezen looks on India as a pestilent heritage, the result of a series of magnificent blunders on the part of Indian statesmen and generals, and of culpable apathy on the part of the English people. The whole work is a protest against the financial ruin prophesied by Mr. Hyndman and the national discredit wept over by Mr. Bright.

At least one chapter is devoted to an examination of the system of public works, the exports and imports, local manufactures, irrigation, and enterprise, whether fostered by Government or left to private Companies. The economic aspect of these great questions has been carefully studied. As to the soundness of the principles on which all the trunk lines of the Indian railways have been constructed, M. de Valbezen has no doubt. It is the fashion now to stigmatize the State guarantee as wasteful and improvident. But the true test applicable to this problem is the condition of India and of Anglo-Indian enterprise just thirty years ago. Natives as a rule hoarded their money or lent it on bond and mortgage, if they did not invest it in land. Government had not the money to span the vast intervals which separate the three Presidencies from each other, and the frontier from the seaboard. English capital was not forthcoming except under a guarantee. Hence we arrived naturally at the only system practicable. Those who remember the difficulties of introducing the most rapid mode of modern communication amongst an apathetic community that either walked from Lahore to Jagannath, or took three months to tow boats against the current from Calcutta to Ghurmuckteser Ghant in the district of Meerut, are tolerably satisfied that no other course was open. Failing the scheme recommended by Lord Dalhousie and adopted by Lord Halifax, there was no one expedient which, in the twenty years after 1853, would have given India so much as five hundred miles of rail. But M. de Valbezen very justly remarks that railroads in India do not supplant roads. On the contrary, the former render the latter indispensable. There is hardly an annual meeting of some of the great Anglo-Indian Companies at which a proprietor does not put questions about the necessity of district roads as feeders to the rail. And, to do the local Governments justice, they have exhibited more activity and method in planning and carrying out cross-country communications since the opening of railways, than they did when magistrates rode across the trackless plains by day, or painfully accomplished thirty miles in a palanquin or a bullock cart during a long night of thirteen hours' travel. We should have liked to hear M. de Valbezen's opinion of the possibility of handing over what are termed "local works," such as roads, bridges, and ferries, to irresponsible village elders, empowered to squander public money in order that they may enjoy a little of self government. The plain truth is that few works in India ought to be called "local." We may apply this term to a gigantic reservoir which supplies one or two villages with pure water, or to a bathing ghant which some native millionaire has constructed in order that devout Hindus may perform their ablutions and say their prayers on steps of stone or brick instead of in the slime and mud of a holy river. But roads and bridges over endless streams, and well-built ferry-boats where bridges cannot be made, are all parts of more extensive communications affecting two or three districts and a dozen and more populous marts. It is absurd to apply the term "local" to these works as if they only concerned the ratepayers of the Vestry of Mudborough or the "village union" of Kichargunge.

There are one or two other topics to which we should have liked to give more space. The increase in the exports and imports is a notable feature, and the establishment of factories at Bombay and Calcutta will be gratifying to others besides the class which holds that there can be neither civilization nor progress except where machinery rattles and furnaces roar. But the real merit of this volume, to borrow a phrase from one of the Eastern poets, is that it looks upon Laila with the eyes of Majnun. It is the dispassionate deliverance of a clever foreigner on the splendid work which, in spite of errors, delays, and doubts, has occupied the thoughts and developed the talents of three generations of a rival nation. And those now entrusted with the management or the supervision of our valuable Indian estate should try not to make it the *corpus vile* of silly Radical experiments.

MANO.\*

CANON DIXON'S earlier poems, known perhaps to few, were written when Mr. Morris was writing the *Defence of Guinevere*. They had the eccentricities, the obscurities, and several of the merits of that interesting volume of verse, which revived a neglected aspect of mediæval life and imagination. After a long silence (so far as verse is concerned) Canon Dixon again appears with a volume of poetry, a romantic narrative in *terza rima*. When Mr. Morris deserted lyrical for narrative poetry he chose first a Greek theme (romantically treated) in the *Life and Death of Jason*. Canon Dixon, on the other hand, remains constant to the middle ages. He has chosen for the period of his tale what we may regard as the very central darkness of the "Dark Ages"—the gloomy later years of the tenth century, when men's hearts were failing them for fear and doubtfully expecting the advent of Christ or Antichrist. An air of dread hangs over the story, an atmosphere of brooding storm, and the light seems to fall with threatening brilliance on the little group of people with whose actions and sufferings the romance is chiefly concerned. Normans, Germans, Saracens, Ungrians, peasants and nobles, priests, heretics, popes, and profligates, are all fighting for their own hands in the forests of Normandy, in the passes of the Alps, in the Lombard plain. With historical characters, and characters who, if not historical, are not impossible, Canon Dixon mixes magicians, wizards, ladies-at-arms, like the fair and fierce dames of Italian epic; and we are conducted through a maze of adventures, in which the clue is sometimes difficult to find and hard to hold. This, we think, will prove the chief weakness of Canon Dixon's book as a narrative. Like the history of Herodotus, his poem "seeks digressions," in which we are lost as among the labyrinths of the *Færy Queen*. Only children and very young readers have leisure and inclination to wander at a venture through the forest glades of romance, where there is an incident for every separate dell and each recess of the wood has its unhappy damsel or malignant magician. The reader's attention comes to be withdrawn from the chief persons of the tale, among whom the old narrator, the monk Fergant, is the most curiously studied, the most delicately and powerfully drawn, and the most interesting. It is the character and attitude of Fergant that give dramatic propriety to the rambling and archaic manners of the tale. He writes, in old age, the story of what he saw, and partly suffered, in his early manhood, a young churchman looking on, a wistful spectator, at love and war and all the movement of the world, himself not untried by love for Joanna the heroine, and himself the friend of Mano, the knight whom Joanna loved in vain. Writing in his old age, Fergant naturally wanders from the direct conduct of his tale; he is garrulous, credulous, ready of belief in marvels, fond of dwelling on the heresies (themselves not unattractive to him) of his age, with a heart full of pity for the rebellious and oppressed peasantry, full of pity for the noble knights and fair ladies and learned priests whose loves and labours have long ago been brought to nought by fate and time and men's perversity. Without realizing the character of Fergant, the narrator, without tolerating his mediæval discursiveness, it is difficult, perhaps hardly possible, to read Canon Dixon's poem with the pleasure which a work so full of care and thought should excite. For Fergant's sake we put up with impossibilities on which Ariosto has not cast his gay, nor Spenser his earnest, charm. We follow long moral disquisitions and reflections which are admirably written, if somewhat difficult in places, and we consent to be mystified a good deal about the hero and his origin. Without this toleration the reader will miss enjoyment, and the author will be deprived of his proper due of praise. For it must be admitted that the story of Mano and Joanna might have been told much more briefly, with much more clearness and point. But Fergant, like most of the mediæval Latin chroniclers, brings in any event or adventure that occurs to him, and his tale at best is not rounded and ideal, but full of the confusion and broken purposes of real life. We must endeavour to give some idea of the nature of the plot (a full and lucid idea it is really rather hard to obtain), and we must quote some passages of excellence before dwelling for a moment on the too obvious defect of grotesquely archaistic diction.

Fergant, being then (that is, towards the close of the tenth century) in Rouen, with Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester, met Mano, who had come from Count Thorold, to raise levies for the Norman forces in Italy:—

The Normans had been wont at large to roam,  
Boldly in Italy, but now were pent,  
Behind Count Thorold's banner, in their home.

Here the alarmed English reader will have to look out "nome" in the dictionary, where we hope he may find it. The word is one of Fergant's characteristic pedantries, and as it is his own we must try to forgive it. Mano, then, came to Duke Richard for reinforcements, and Fergant accompanied him to seek the Duke. Here is the description of the hero:—

Upon his horse he sat erect and tall,  
And onward held throughout the toilsome road  
With little speech, though in the thick-set wood  
His weary horse oft stumbled in his stride.  
Yet noted I, observing what I could,  
Sometimes a fierceness mounted in his eyes,

\* *Mano. A Poetical History: of the Time of the Close of the Tenth Century: Concerning the Adventures of a Norman Knight, which fell part in Normandy part in Italy. In Four Books. By Richard Watson Dixon, Hon. Canon of Carlisle. London: Routledge & Sons. 1883.*

Or sullen glaze, like to that blinking hood  
Which in the perched owl's orbs by daylight lies:  
And oftentimes he sang some little song  
Which at the moment in his heart might rise:  
And strangely sent it he the road along,  
Though seeming only muttered in his beard:  
These things I noted in that warrior strong.  
Moreover, when the way with words we cheered,  
Which was not oft, conversing socially,  
His laughter like a hurricane I heard.  
Kindly upon me sometimes looked his eye,  
But silently amid the solitude  
For the more part journeyed the knight and I.  
Alert was he to help me in the wood,  
And comfort felt I in his mightiness,  
And well I deemed of him, as wise and good.  
And when his curving thigh the sell did press,  
And his high breast answered his shoulders flat,  
Ah, then my lowliness did I confess!  
For doubt rose in me, were I like to that,  
So mighty and so swift, so sinewy made,  
Whether I should to Christ be dedicate.  
And other thoughts did my sad heart invade,  
Of which I make not speech.

With Mano was Diantha, the beautiful but very underbred Diantha, who vexed her knightly chaperon by flirting freely with casual hinds and country fellows. Diantha was afterwards the cause of much trouble, and it is to be regretted that Mano ever undertook to escort her from Italy to her home in Normandy. Fergant now digresses into a general description of Europe, torn by wars and heresies:—

"And this last plague that holy men depict  
Is added now: one such is hither borne,  
Whose glozing style lies temper and indiet.  
"Full many thousands have their faith forsworn  
Through him, Vilgardus, named Grammaticus,  
Who makes the Holy Church his mark of scorn;  
"Fabling that on a summit mountainous  
The demons of the poets came to him,  
Juvenalis, Maro, and Horatius,  
"Who hailed him their disciple, with no dim  
Renown with them in realms beyond the grave,  
And crowned him with a laurel garland trim.  
"Then he of doctrine strange began to rave,  
Uttering, 'twas thought, their oracles abhorred  
Through the pretended commission which they gave."  
These were the tidings that were spread abroad  
By writings, or the converse held in court  
Betwixt Sir Mano and our gentle lord:  
And deeply wrought they in the nobler sort.

At the court of Richard Mano met Blanche the Fair and her sister Joanna. He fell in love with Blanche, and Joanna with him. "Oh! cruel case," cried Fergant, who admits that

If ever aught arose  
In me, akin to thoughts which women move,  
Joanna sweetest, sacred in her woes  
To me—but what has this to do with love?

Next, "by Blanche Sir Mano was refused and made foolish," and both Joanna and Mano set out to tell their love stories to Gerbert. On the way they met with adventures of wizardly metamorphosis rather wild than interesting, and Joanna and Mano fell to kissing each other in a rather Swinburnian way. This was a love passage that led to nothing:—

To kiss and not be loved, with her 'twas so,  
To kiss and not to love, that lot was his.

On the whole, the conduct of the pair was rather second-rate. Then we have a long account of Gerbert, to whom both Mano and Joanna confide their griefs; but Gerbert does not reveal to Mano the secret of Joanna, which must have been a perfectly open secret. How could she kiss the knight with so much loving detail (p. 40), and yet keep her love "still to the knight unknown"?

Mano next returned to Italy, and his adventures were throughout prodigious and full of miracle. The adventure of the two warlike ladies who fought in armour is indeed so complicated that we have wholly failed to unravel it. Here is a description of the miseries of the villains:—

We skirted round a city great and high;  
But with the morning held a plain voyage:  
Where in the open land beneath the sky,  
Walking around a lake's inclosing bank,  
Behold of half-clad men a company!  
Long spears they bore, which into the deep tank  
They still pushed down among the sedge and reeds.  
Then Mano said to me: "Mark yon poor rank,  
And know thou whence that industry proceeds.  
They walk the fishpond with their staves all night,  
Seeking the places where the frog most breeds,  
Whose chanting might their masters' sleep affright."  
While thus he spake, there came a mournful cry  
From those half-clothed purveyors of delight;  
And when we turned the occasion to desery,  
Behold in that strange fishing one had struck  
His spear into a bundle, which on high  
The reeds held from the wave: the cruel hook  
Was bedded in an infant's tender breast,  
Exposed through want; such prey such angle took.

In Northern Italy ladies of light character, Ungrians, and Vilgardus the heretic, proved dangerous to the bodies and souls of men. We are then entertained with "a vision of Hell which a monk had," and Mano goes to Rome, where he gets "mixed up" with an assassination, and is banished by his old friend Gerbert, now Pope. The description of mediæval Rome is excellent. From Rome Mano and Fergant return to Normandy, where they dream ominous dreams. Finally, Mano finds Diantha dwelling in

a camp of peasants in revolt, is himself captured there when the peasants are routed by the troops of the Archbishop of Rouen, and is condemned (as a partisan of the peasants) to be burned with Diantha. Joanna brings news that Mano is really of the kin of Robert of Rouen and Duke Richard, but her message is disregarded. Finally she substitutes herself for Diantha, and dies with Mano. The description of Joanna is very beautiful:—

Such o'er the changing wood the May cloud flies,  
Soft, bright, and light, was she: one lovely fold,  
That seemed to gather to grave thought her eyes,  
Of bygone sorrow and old anguish told,  
One sweet contraction, delicate and fine:  
But youth to bear love's burden still is bold:—  
Her looks were strong ('tis age that has to pine)  
Her eyes were quick, and lightsome as of yore,  
Her rounded cheeks as perfect in their line:  
Her step was like the deer on ferny floor,  
Her figure tall, and like a balanced tower,  
Which from his place seems stepping evermore.  
So wondrously 'tis fashioned through art's power.—  
She had those years which bring to perfectness:  
And stood full blown, like to the lily's flower.  
Ah! now consider well in her fiery dress  
This lily of earth's field, her lovely head  
Who rears amid the waste, companionless:  
Wide open stands her heart: no secret dread  
Bids her enfold her petals, like the rose,  
Over her golden bosom undismayed.  
Oh, undefended thus to friends or foes,  
Shall she endure, then, in her perfect state,  
Until she ripen to a timely close,  
By the kind season carried to her date;  
Or must she tremble on her lofty stem  
At the rough hand of sudden-working Fate,  
Scattering to the winds her diadem,  
Brushing the tender gold-bloom from her heart;  
And die in her full hour, a perfect gem,  
In whose fair essence all sweet things have part?

The closing scenes are almost intolerably painful, though Mano, at the cost of his own torture, managed to give Joanna a poisoned ring which saved her from the torments of a fiery death.

Such is the story, which must be read with leisure and attention to be enjoyed. It has the advantage of novelty, and at the same time lacks the clearness and charm of these old-world fables which Mr. Morris has chosen to tell again in *Jason and The Earthly Paradise*. It is plain that *Mano* is the work of a refined, learned, and curious mind, full of knowledge and of sympathy, and moving in ancient times with the ease born of long familiarity. We have not tried to conceal what we think the faults of the poem—intricacy, prolixity, occasional obscurity. Except Joanna and Fergant, the characters are somewhat shadowy; even that of Mano is too laboured to be quite distinct. We need scarcely remark on the numerous archaic expressions, "wan of ble," and the like, nor on such oddities as rhyming "archbishop" to "stop" and "drop." The parish clerk with his

Why skip ye so, ye little hills,  
And wherefore do ye hop?  
Because he comes to preach to us,  
His Grace the Lord Bishop,

set an example not to be imitated by poets. But these wilful turns are blots so readily observed that we need not waste more criticism on faults so certain to be generally criticized. We have read Canon Dixon's poem, if not constantly with ease, yet often with pleasure, and always with sympathy and respect for work so well wrought and so original.

ADRIAN BRIGHT.\*

A STORY used to be told of a clerk at the Custom House in former days whose duty it was to write cockets, or warrants as they are now called. He was so bad a penman that what he wrote was only read with the greatest difficulty. A day came when one of his documents was altogether illegible. No one could make out a single word of it. It was taken to him, and he was asked to explain what it was that he had written. He gazed at his own paper helplessly for some time, held it in different lights, but could make nothing of it. "Sir," said he at last, "I am the cocket-writer, and not the cocket-reader." This story came to our thoughts as we were labouring through this long, pretentious, and most insane novel. We cannot pretend to have read it all. It is in fact—using the word in its strict sense—illegible. We doubt whether any single person could find it readable. It would require a whole gang. It is duller even than a collection of Mr. Warton's speeches. If we were to take it to the author, she, we are convinced, however hard she tried, would in the end have to own that it was beyond her. She would exclaim, "Sir, I am the novel-writer, and not the novel-reader." The folly and the pretentiousness of our novelists—above all, of some of our female novelists—are getting beyond all endurance. There is only one thing that keeps us from falling into a passion with them as each new story comes out. Almost before we can lose our temper we lose our consciousness. Deep sleep falls upon us, and the volume drops from our hand. So much is this the case that we never attempt to read these stories when we are alone. We must have round us the buzz of conversation to keep us awake. At times, moreover, we

\* *Adrian Bright*. By Mrs. Caddy. Author of "Artist and Amateur," "Lares and Penates," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1883.



ask that a lively air may be played on the piano. At times we get up and walk up and down the room, or even run out of doors to get a breath of air. A cup of strong tea does something, and the hope of at last reaching the end does more. We could forgive the dullness if it were honest, stupid, open dullness of the good old sort—such dullness as we are used to in old-fashioned country sermons and in old-fashioned country people. Towards it we should feel as Tristram Shandy did towards the ass, when he held in his hand the piece of broken halter. "He looked up pensive in my face—'Don't thrash me with it; but, if you will, you may.' 'If I do,' said I, 'I'll be d—d.'" But the stupidity of this race of novelists is full of arrogance. With the poorest allowance of wits and the scantiest stock of learning, they make the bravest show. We never read one of their stories without a feeling of indignation against the compilers of the various series of handbooks. It is from them that comes so handy this swaggering show of knowledge; it is they who lay ready for the use of all the jackdaws the borrowed feathers of the peacock. In the novel before us, for instance, we find one chapter headed by a quotation from Epimenides, and the next by one from Socrates. It raised in us a kind of grim mirth when we found that the third worthy who in the next chapter was joined with these two was no other than the eminently moral writer who calls herself "Ouida." What can the author of *Adrian Bright* know of Socrates? Does she even know as much as Mrs. Shandy, who boldly maintained that he had been dead a hundred years ago? We are quite sure that that good lady, if ever she accompanied Yorick to York, never made such a show of her ignorance as Mrs. Caddy does when she describes a grotto near that town. She calls it the haunt of Sybilla Eboracense (*sic*). After this the reader not unnaturally resents the display of Epimenides and Socrates, the age of Pericles, and the Phœidian age, Prometheus, Æolus, the Eumenides, Achilles and Praxiteles, who are all dragged in as so many captives in the long line of the triumph of the author's conquest over learning.

In her dedication she calls her story "a simple tale of modern feeling." Has she ever read *She Stoops to Conquer*, and does she remember Hardcastle's exclamation:—"This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything so like old-fashioned impudence?" So this simplicity and modern feeling of hers is very like rant and old-fashioned folly. Our readers shall have a taste of this simple tale; for we are determined that we will not bear the whole weight of it alone. If one must carry burdens, at all events we will have the comfort of having companions in our sufferings. They shall accompany us first to a waterfall in Yorkshire, which is described as "wild desolation rent with a huge volume of foam that cleaves its way so madly, so brokenly through the rocky, steep ravine that it is like a perpetual tragedy, a Promethean drama, going on impetuously, eternally." If, by the way, everything that has a huge volume of foam is like a Promethean drama, these three volumes must be a very trilogy. Down this waterfall the hero is carried. If only his history could have been carried with him, and both could have been swept into the North Sea, the mercy would indeed have been a great one. Unhappily, on the bank there was a young lady, who had an orange-coloured wealth of hair, who was in love with the hero, and also a Yorkshire squire who was in love with her. She calls out:—"Save him, and I will bless you for ever." He replies, "Will you marry me?" "Yes," shrieked Linda. At once he takes off his shaggy coat, and, "swift as the water's rush, though even he not nigh as strong," seizes on the hero as he is being swept along:—

Thought gained the victory over force, mere force, not even brute force; but only blind, bewildered, hurl of weight and flood, from height to deep—the man—was saved, for man it was and no mere body; but man and pearl of manhood, saved by a brother stronger in every quality but one, the spark of genius, and saved for a woman's sake! Since for that woman's sake had Italy come here.

Our author's simplicity is of different kinds. She does not always indulge in rant; far too often she aims at humour. Indeed she is bound to do so, for of one of her characters she writes that "her form was light, playful, aristophanic." When we came to "aristophanic"—would our author, by the way, write miltonic and byronic with small letters?—once more our indignation blazed up against the makers of manuals and primers of literature. Why could not our silly novel-writers, and novel-readers too, have been left in happy ignorance that there ever was such a writer as Aristophanes? But we must return to Mrs. Caddy and her humour. It is not always easy to know which are the passages that contain light and playful fun; for in novels there are no exclamations of "Ha! ha!" as in the play-writers, by which the reader knows beyond a doubt that a joke has been made. We believe, however, that the following passage is meant to be humorous:—

The finger-perfect Flitters stopped in the passage she was modelling up, from a mezzo-piano con dolore condition in the top-line of a certain page, through a tenerezza dolcissimamente of six bars, to a martellato con furia five lines on, in a whirl of arpeggios, and octaves (sempre accelerando) expressive of everything that was orchestral. One, two, a lot of fireworks finished in strict time at three; sundry dotted semiquaver rests and bang, bang, bang, to four, five, and six, concluded this fine passage. Flitters was hot and wiped her face, but was ready to go at it again, when Mrs. Jonas came in with an expression in her voice and face that had come there impromptu, as it were, without any previous understanding with a composer.

The story of this novel is sadly hidden away beneath the rubbish-heaps of words. Or, to use another comparison, the plot

is constantly taking a dive, as it were, like a water-fowl, beneath a waste of floating weeds, to rise up again a good way further on. In describing the hero, Adrian Bright, the author says:—"A young man is the perfection of creation, and this one was, of all young men, the most perfect." Some audacity is certainly needed by one who introduces with such a flourish one of her own characters. Even Professor Holloway is more modest in speaking of his ointment and pills. This most perfect young man, moreover, was "strong in blow, tender in touch." At certain moments he was "all fire and air." This, by the way, was not said of him when he was going down the waterfall. "He sought among the dumb, and among the noisy rabble, the guiding laws by which the two hands express the dual movement of the mind." The author, we suppose, has a meaning in writing this fine passage; though, somewhat unkindly, she keeps it all to herself. Hermione, the heroine, quickly falls in love with him, and he with her. Of this young lady Mrs. Caddy writes:—"Her light, rippling laugh, her airy talk; I will not fade its gay colours into black and white, for it might be stigmatized as silly, and silly Hermione was not." So much the more is the pity that she is so sillily written about. The two young people are thus compared:—"Adrian is velvet, Hermione satin. United, they would form a beautiful satins-lined drapery, on which circumstances should embroider a fine life's pattern." They were, of course, united, and the drapery was formed. Unhappily for them both, there was the young lady with the wealth of orange-coloured hair, who was by no means inclined to give up the hero and marry the Yorkshireman, who, to win her, had saved the other's life. She one night solemnly recited some poetry and cast on him a puzzling beam, a portentous gaze. No one, we are told, could exactly read its meaning; but it had the effect of making every one uncomfortable. She was always "arrogating superiority in all respects to Hermione." When the marriage had taken place, in her rage she one day entered the hero's studio, for he was a sculptor. First of all, she was like Dido, rolling her eyes hither and thither; next she was as an enraged bull; then she looked like a Medusa; and, lastly, she became "a Mænad, frenzied, demoniac, as possessed by a hundred evil spirits, but not mad." She called the hero Miscreant! and she smashed his statues. She displayed her learning by talking of Michael Angelo, Phidias (not Pheidias this time), and Circe's swine. "Yet I once loved him," she murmured feebly, and tottered, fainted, fell, at the foot of the autograph (*sic*) image of the sculptor." After this for a while the husband and wife lead an unhappy life; but Hermione studies music, and "thenceforward for her time rolled on less observedly and less painfully, having had his carriage-wheels greased by occupation." At length when matters were going from bad to worse, their house luckily caught fire, and the hero was nearly burnt to death. The author has a fresh opportunity for fine and foolish writing, and the young couple make it up. Their reconciliation cannot be described, for we are told that "silence and Agamemnon's veil must ever cover our most sacred feelings." We wish that silence and any one's veil could in like manner always cover our silly novelists' most silly thoughts.

#### THE SUTHERLAND EVICTIONS OF 1814.\*

ON June 13, 1814, a considerable clearance was made of a large tract on the Naver River, in the north of Sutherland. The policy of substituting coast holdings for the crofts of the upland tenants, who had lapsed into great misery, had for some time been pursued by the Marquess of Stafford. On this particular occasion a farm of very considerable extent in the parishes of Farr and Kildonan had been taken by Mr. Patrick Sellar, factor for the landlords, in accordance with the wishes and instructions of his employers. About half the tenants had their holdings prolonged for four years; the other half had received six months' notice to quit, holdings being provided for all but one of them elsewhere. That one was a tinker or caird named Chisholm, who had a bad character. The removals were superintended in part by Mr. Sellar himself; and, the man Chisholm proving obstinate, his house (the inmates and furniture having been removed, and compensation, according to the custom of the country, having been paid to him for that part of the materials which was not the property of the landlord) was set on fire. Shortly afterwards the Sheriff-substitute of the county, Mr. Robert McKid, who had been complained of by the officials of the estate for poaching, and had expressed his wish to do Mr. Sellar a mischief, instituted an inquiry into the circumstances of the evictions, which resulted after a considerable interval in the trial of Mr. Sellar at Inverness for "culpable homicide" (a charge based on the supposed death of Chisholm's mother-in-law and others in consequence of removal), "real injury," and "oppression." The case was fully heard, and a large number of witnesses examined on either side, the result being that Mr. Sellar was acquitted, not as he might have been by a majority, but unanimously and with the full approval of the judge. It was proved on the trial that the charges of harshness in removal were false, and while no illegal act whatever was established against Mr. Sellar, the sole act contrary to established practice and custom which was shown to have been committed was that each tenant had had but a single barn left him for the crops still to be reaped, whereas it had been customary to leave

\* *The Sutherland Evictions of 1814.* By Thomas Sellar. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

all the barns until the crops had been got in. But no evidence of damage arising from this curtailment of an extra legal privilege seems to have been produced. Nor did the proceedings terminate with the acquittal; for, on Mr. Sellar threatening action against McKid for his conduct in the matter, McKid resigned his office of Sheriff-substitute, wrote and had legally registered an abject apology admitting that the statements to Mr. Sellar's prejudice were absolute falsehoods, and paid a large sum of money in reimbursement of Mr. Sellar's expenses. Here the legal and certain documents as to the affair cease; and, on examination of them, it may be deliberately said, without entering into particulars unsuitable to a brief review, that no impartial person can possibly bring, after such examination, charges of harshness or cruelty, much less of illegality, against Mr. Sellar. Such a person may object to evictions as evictions; he cannot, retaining his character as a judge of evidence, hold that these evictions were conducted (save in the technical particular above mentioned) with anything more than necessary and usual severity.

There had, however, even before the trial, been rumours prejudicial to Mr. Sellar and to the Sutherland clearances generally; and these rumours, after being at first confined to newspaper paragraphs, took form for the first time in the work of a responsible writer in the *Sketches of the Highlands*, by Major-General Stewart, of Garth. Three years afterwards, in a third edition, General Stewart withdrew his strictures on Mr. Sellar, unasked by him. Meanwhile, another Celtophile, Dr. Browne, had also given the McKid view of Mr. Sellar's conduct. He was appealed to, the evidence was laid before him, and he also withdrew his charges. Mr. Sellar, however, thought it well to draw up and print in 1825 a statement of his part in the matter. For many years nothing more was heard of it; but in 1840 a certain Donald McLeod, of whom hardly anything seems to be known, wrote a series of letters in an obscure Edinburgh newspaper, giving, as he alleged, from personal remembrance a most heart-rending account of the Sutherland evictions, and especially of the Strathnaver incident. These, though they were not widely circulated, came into the hands of Hugh Miller, who based on them a tract which all readers of his works know, and which may be said to be the foundation of the modern prejudice on the matter. It was not, however, till last year, when the grievances of the Scotch crofters began to excite the excitable, that attacks on Mr. Sellar's memory became frequent. An Inverness newspaper editor republished McLeod's letters; Mr. A. R. Wallace dwelt on the matter in his "Land Nationalization," and Professor Blackie in his *Altavona*. After correspondence with each of these writers, Mr. Thomas Sellar, son of the incriminated person, has published the history of the case in the book which forms the text of this article. The summary we have given dispenses us from entering, as indeed it would be impossible to enter, more fully into the details of the case, which, however, may be summed up thus. On the one hand, there is a contemporary report of the trial in full, drawn up by one of Mr. Sellar's counsel, afterwards a Lord of Session, published at the time, and not impugned by any one, though, as has been said, there had been considerable feeling on the subject, based, as some contemporary feeling is, on the well-deserved and generous sympathy of old soldiers with the Highlanders, who had furnished so many admirable recruits in the great war. No champion of the Highlanders, let it be repeated, impugned this report in the very least point, and, as it is strictly formal, it may be taken to represent what would be in modern times the shorthand writer's notes. Further, there is Mr. Sellar's statement of 1825, the testimony of the Sutherland Commissioner, Mr. Loch, in 1828, and the negative but important point that two partisans of the Celts—General Stewart and Dr. Browne—on the facts being brought forward withdrew the charges they had made. On the other hand, besides the evidence against Mr. Sellar recorded in the trial itself, there is absolutely nothing but the letters of McLeod. These letters are, by their own showing, reminiscences of more than a quarter of a century after date. They and their author are absolutely unguaranteed. There does not even seem to be any positive evidence that McLeod was present at the scenes he describes. The letters are of an incredible violence, and frequently contain absolutely impossible details, such as of persons escaping "by boat" from the central Highlands of Sutherland. Further, when the particulars are looked into, and compared with the dry legal report of the trial, they have the (to a trained literary critic unmistakable) characteristic of being embroidered on this latter. Mr. Sellar has not commented on this embroidery; perhaps he did not see it. But when we find in the indictment the word meal-chest mentioned as among the destroyed property of Barbara McKay in Ravigill, when in the evidence nothing appears on either side about meal-chests at all, and when twenty or thirty years later, if not forty (for this seems to have been an after-thought of McLeod's), we find that author vividly describing the fiendish party "carrying meal to the precipice, and despatching it down with shrieks and yells," the process of manufacture becomes perfectly clear. McLeod, if he really wrote these documents, or whoever was behind him if he did not, obviously dealt with the dull matter-of-fact publication of 1814 exactly as some clever journalists to-day are wont to deal with a telegram or a short legal report. Corroboration they have none; for, as has been said, Hugh Miller simply worked them up, and General Stewart and Dr. Browne even in their uncorrected editions fail altogether to bear them out, while in themselves they are utterly improbable. "Abu Rafe was an eye-witness, but who will be witness for Abu Rafe?" says Gibbon somewhere. In the present instance we have

not even the slight consolation of knowing on good authority, or on any authority, that Abu Rafe really was an eye-witness.

It is almost unnecessary to say that, if the honour of a single person or a single family, however respectable, were at stake by itself, we should not have taken the trouble to refer to this matter on a former occasion and to rehandle it at length now. But the matter is one of great public importance, both as to the clearances themselves, and almost more as to the policy of their opponents to-day. On the first point we need not say much, for Lord Stafford is abundantly justified of his works. If Donegal and Kerry, Mayo and Clare, had been treated as Sutherland was, with the result of being as Sutherland is, happy were it for the empire, and happier (if possible) for Donegal and Clare, Mayo and Kerry. But what manner of man it is who strives to turn the three kingdoms upside down with land nationalization and the like has never been so clearly shown as in the correspondence with Messrs. Mackenzie, Wallace, and Blackie which is printed in the appendix to this book. Messrs. Wallace and Blackie are persons of some position in this world, and as for Mr. Mackenzie, if there is nothing antecedent to his credit that we know of, there is certainly nothing that we know of to his detriment. To all these three persons Mr. Sellar, after getting together his facts, communicated them, with a request for redress to his father's memory. This, as far as personal reference went, was partly granted; but the writers took care to display the well-known imperviousness to argument of the crotcheteer. Mr. Mackenzie says, "Your father was acquitted of the specific charges brought against him in court; but the object of my book is to make it impossible that a law should remain on the Statute Book which still permits the same cruelties to be legally carried out." Now any one who, without Mr. Mackenzie's spectacles, reads Mr. Sellar's documents must see that what they prove is that no cruelties, legal or illegal, were carried out. Mr. Wallace, after attacking the report of the trial as *ex parte* (which, as has been shown, is in the invidious sense an untenable charge), cannot see that the "balance of evidence," which he admits to be in Mr. Sellar's favour, "in any way invalidates the general statements" of McLeod. Now, as has been said, not merely the balance of evidence, but all the evidence, *con* as well as *pro*, fails to validate McLeod's evidence. Further, he calls the narrative of McLeod "additional evidence of the facts," whereas it has been shown that, as far as evidence is concerned, McLeod has no title to that word at all. But the climax is reached with Professor Blackie, who, as Mr. Sellar very wickedly reminds us, once, by his own account, wept over the scene of Mr. Sellar's barbarities, by a most unlucky accident, on the wrong side of the river Naver. Here also the facts are laid before the accuser, and here also the accuser persists in believing his own inner consciousness rather than the facts. He also talks of McLeod's "evidence"; and he also says that it is not the person, but the proceeding, which he objects to. Now it has been pointed out, we fear *ad nauseam*, that the very same evidence which acquits the person proves the proceeding, as far as cruelty or illegality goes, to have no existence. In other words, all these persons, without a shadow of evidence, admit McLeod's ravings, twenty years after date, without question; all of them neglect the evidence no less than the verdict at the trial; all of them blink the remarkable history, and still more remarkable confession, of McKid; and all of them, while amiably admitting that Mr. Sellar was honourably acquitted of cruelty and illegality, maintain that acts which are by common consent committed by Mr. Sellar's authority were cruel and illegal. *Sic volo* is the single note of all three. "I am sure that evictions are wicked and cruel, and therefore I will believe every wickedness and cruelty I hear about evictions, though it be gossip twenty-five years after, and disbelieve everything to the contrary, though it be legal evidence freely given [for no one can read the trial without seeing that the witnesses against Mr. Sellar had complete *rapport*] at the time, subject to correction, and absolutely uncorrected." We are rather inclined to think that Messrs. Mackenzie, Wallace, and Blackie understand the hour and the men they have to deal with.

#### GESTA CHRISTI.\*

IT is hard to believe that this well-intentioned, if not very logical, treatise could have been written by any one save a citizen of the great Transatlantic Republic. The author regards with such thorough complacency the state of society and social feeling therein, he has attained so completely to the national habit of looking at objects only from a single point of view, that much reading and travel, to say nothing of the ordinary experience of life, seem quite powerless to instil into his mind the faintest doubt respecting the infallible truth of his own conclusions. Yet his sphere of observation must have been a tolerably wide one. "The writer of this work," as he tells us, "has been engaged for some thirty years in a practical application of the principles of Christianity, with the view of curing certain great social evils in the City of New York," and, whatever those evils may have been, he must have learnt in the process of struggling against them some acquaintance with the less lovely aspects of human nature. But there is no wavering,

\* *Gesta Christi*; or, a *History of Humane Progress under Christianity*. By C. Loring Brace, Author of "Races of the Old World," "Home Life in Germany and Hungary," "Norse Folk," "Dangerous Classes of New York" &c. London: Hodder and Stoughton.



no token of misgiving as to the soundness of the principles he lays down for our reception. Christianity on the one hand he most rightly looks upon as "the great reforming Power of the world"; an "organized Church" on the other hand—especially, but by no means exclusively, one in union with the State—as the main cause of whatever degree of failure to regenerate mankind Christianity may have exhibited in past or present times. On this last point Mr. Brace spends all his force of language, as if he could not better do honour to the Divine Author of our common faith than by disparaging and reviling the Society of which He was pleased to be the Founder:—

The student who seeks for the pure and benevolent impress of the great Teacher on the wild annals of human history, must divest himself of much reverence for the so-called "Church of Christ" on earth. The Church that is seen and known of men, represents often anything but his image. At times it is filled with bigotry and hate; it implants persecution in Roman law; it encourages frightful religious wars; it opposes liberty of thought, and the investigation of science; its skirts are stained with the blood of the Inquisition, and wet with the tears of millions of victims of the slave-trade; it encourages war, and is often only an emblem of power and lust and ambition.

This tremendous indictment, drawn, as it will be observed, not against a mere branch of the Church or in respect of some peculiarly corrupt period, but against that institution in the abstract, may well be left in its extravagant unfairness to work its own refutation. How Christianity as a system of doctrine could have survived beyond the life of its Founder, or how Scripture could have been written and preserved, except by means of an organized society, this writer does not explain, and to all appearance has never considered.

Beyond question the subject Mr. Brace has chosen is a noble one. His happy title, *Gesta Christi*, was possibly derived from that of Guibert on the First Crusade, *Gesta Dei per Francos*; we only wish he had handled his materials with more judgment and discrimination. Impartiality it is perhaps vain to look for. Both the writer and the reader cannot but entertain an honest prejudice in favour of that religion which is so precious to them, and would be prone to over-estimate its power, especially its indirect power, over human affairs. But this venial tendency may easily be allowed for, and is not, after all, so influential that we need to modify materially our general conclusion. The author's estimate of the benefits conferred by Christianity, comprehensive as it is, can hardly be said to overstep the bounds of sober truth:—

They [i.e. the principles implanted by Christian teaching] are such as these: regard for the personality of the weakest and poorest; respect for woman; the absolute duty of each member of the fortunate [Transatlantic for richer] classes to raise up the unfortunate; humanity to the child, the prisoner, the stranger, the needy, and even the brute; unceasing opposition to all forms of cruelty, oppression, and slavery; the duty of personal purity and the sacredness of marriage; the necessity of temperance; the obligation of a more equitable division of the profits of labour, and of greater co-operation between the employer and the employed; the right of every human being to have the utmost opportunity of developing his faculties, and of all persons to enjoy equal political and social privileges; the principle that the injury of one nation is the injury of all, and the expediency and duty of unrestricted trade and intercourse between all countries; and, finally and principally, a profound opposition to war, a determination to limit its evils when existing, and to prevent its arising by means of international Arbitration [with a big A].

We knew not how to curtail this formidable list, though we have not been much in the habit of reckoning universal suffrage, gratuitous education, free trade, and communistic equality among the results of Christian teaching. Arbitration, of course, is nothing less than a divine sound in the ears of an American citizen, for was not England, on the 14th of September, 1872, condemned by the Commission at Geneva to pay the sum of 15,000,000*l.* (so at least says Mr. Brace, p. 351; but he means dollars, not pounds) to the United States, being the first and hitherto the last instance of such a transaction recorded in history?

Yet, after deducting these merely Americanese excrescences, enough will remain to justify the general conclusion that Christianity, as it spread its benign influence throughout the ancient world, restored to life and vigour races of men which had grown effete through vice and luxury, and suggested fresh hope to thoughtful minds that had been driven well-nigh to despair. Mr. Brace dwells so fully on the relation of the sexes as affected by the precepts of the Founder of Christianity that the subject might appear to form almost the staple of his volume, considered as it is by him under the several kindred heads of the true place of woman in the social scale, the sacredness of marriage, and liberty of divorce. And here, again, we are perpetually reminded that we have to do with a writer whose standard both of taste and of right feeling is widely different from our own. The spiritual and moral equality of the weaker with the stronger sex will be most readily granted by those who most decidedly repudiate woman's civil equality with man. She is his "joint heir of the grace of life" eternal; her choicest ornament is that of a quiet and patient spirit; yet in the very passage of the New Testament (1 Peter iii. 5-7) wherein this principle is laid down, her subordination and subjection are alleged as the very grounds on which honour and reverence are her just due. If there be any trace in the book before us of this natural and gracious submission, which is indeed the source of all that is lovely and solacing in family life, we have not been able to note the passage, nor do we believe that it exists. Our author evidently prides himself on his acquaintance with Roman law, yet the principle which runs through the whole of it, the tutelage of women, is the theme of his constant disapproval; not the abuse of the institution, be it observed, which was some-

times blameworthy enough, but the thing itself. "This great code," he says, speaking of the Institutes of Justinian which abolished tutelage, "under the inspiration of the fervent humanity taught by the new Faith, made one great step in this important reform, which is at length to give woman entire equality under the law"; and again, "The tendency towards the personal and proprietary independence of women in modern law and custom received its first great stimulus in the religion of Jesus affecting Roman law." We emphatically deny that the teaching of the new faith had any such tendency. It recognizes and perpetuates that social and legal inferiority of "the weaker vessel," which, gracefully accepted on the one part, and gently exercised on the other, has hitherto done so much to adorn and sweeten domestic life. Evil will be the day when the law of love shall be trampled under foot with impunity by self-asserting women, and by male allies more silly and ignorant than they. The real influence of our religion on this matter of vital importance is more soberly estimated by our author elsewhere:—

Christianity, it will be seen, has done away with "tutelage," at least in central Europe; has elevated marriage from the idea of a purchase to that of a spiritual and bodily union; it has protected woman by everywhere encouraging the dower; it has sought to make her in its own fields the equal of man; and through its influence more than any other has "the proprietary and personal independence of woman" been advanced throughout Europe and the Christian world. This has been one of the most important contributions of the religion of Jesus to the progress of the race; its effects are to be felt throughout all succeeding ages.

Mr. Brace divides his subject into three several parts, discussing the power of our faith as exhibited at three consecutive periods, the Roman, the Mediæval, and the Modern. It is under this last head that he examines the subject of divorce, which reckless and hurried legislation has recently brought into such unwholesome prominence, as well in England as in his own country. If the influence of Christianity be regarded simply as progressive, its apologist would have little to urge in its favour under this head. All that our religion has accomplished in controlling an odious laxity of divorce, whether in the Jewish or in the Roman world, was effected once for all when it was first promulgated and received among civilized nations. In modern practice, from the time of the Reformation downwards, the strictness of the only true principle has been tampered with in almost every community except where the canon law yet remains the law of the State. Our author, who shrinks with just horror from what its advocates call free marriage—that is, marriage liable to be dissolved at the caprice of one of the parties—seems to think the rule of Christ, that unfaithfulness alone avails to dissolve the union, too hard for general practice. "We are not prepared to say," he strangely observes—strangely, that is, for a professed Christian—"that the words of Jesus are to be followed, without admitting any possible limitation or exception." But this is really to give up the whole case, though this writer is blind to the fact. For, after all, the canon law, which forbids re-marriage even where it allows legal separation, is grounded on a deep knowledge of human nature, and is justified by high consideration for the general good. It is far better that a few should suffer in isolation for the sin of unworthy partners, than that the many should be tempted to seek through sin a release from a yoke that has become galling to them. Mr. Brace complains of the severity of the English law of divorce, and is pleased to say that for this cause "English society among the higher classes is reported as much more contaminated with this relation [*sic*] than is American society under freer divorce laws." We do not profess to know anything of the tone of American society, and perhaps he knows as little about the morality of the higher classes in England; but when by his own showing divorces in Connecticut are as one in ten to the marriages, in Vermont one in twenty-one, in Ohio one in twenty-six, we may look with some complacency on our own courts, even though we hold, as we do hold, that the law creates a large portion of the evil which it affects to punish. For Indiana, the paradise of matrimonial transgressors, no statistics are given; it is enough to know that "a year's residence in that State qualified [but why not boldly use the present tense?] a person to petition for divorce; the case could be tried thirty days after notices had been published in a newspaper of the county; the defendant was often ignorant of the proceedings, and both parties were freed by the divorce from the marriage contract." This licence is too much for our author, and cannot well be reckoned among his *Gesta Christi*; yet he may be assured that it is at once safer and more merciful to abide steadfastly by the law of Christ, knowing as He did that indulgence grows with what it feeds on.

One great defect in this writer's summary of the achievements of Christ will be palpable to a careful reader. He has bestowed much trouble on the discussion of subjects relating to personal purity and political rights, as the latter are understood by his countrymen. Meekness, forbearance, forgiveness of injuries, self-sacrifice, which are as much as chastity the peculiar virtues of our faith, are not absolutely passed by in the enumeration of the benefits it has bestowed upon us, but are thrown very much into the background. Almsgiving indeed, so highly commended by our Founder, seems at times to be disparaged very unduly. "It has been alleged," he says, "with some apparent justice, that this spirit of Christian charity, which has made modern society so different from ancient, has cultivated dependence, and increased pauperism or that kind of poverty which is without hope or energy." The main object of his dislike and his contempt is "an alms-distributing monk"; yet he is forced to admit, after all, that "charity is not the best form of the distribution of the profits of

labour, but it is certainly one form"; adding however that education, as endowed by individuals or the State, is another and better form. We should have liked to hear what he thought of hospitals for the sick, only that Universities which commemorate obscure names are more in vogue in America than they.

The chapter devoted to "Humane Progress among Non-Christian Peoples," notwithstanding its affected heading, appears to us one of the best in the volume. Our author is especially careful not to throw an air of romance over so gross an imposture as Mohammedanism, or to palliate its characteristic vices, redeemed though they be by its solitary virtue of temperance, and by its one true doctrine of the Unity of the Deity. To Buddhism our author is far more favourable, and that with good cause, though in its very essence it discourages progress, hope, and intellectual life. We cannot better close our notice of a work which is fraught with interest, even where it cannot be commended without reserve, than by quoting Mr. Brace's estimate of a religion which, though within greatly reduced limits, is to this day professed by so many myriads of mankind:—

Buddhism has not seemed capable of urging on a steady, moral, and humane progress as Christianity has done. It was evidently not fit for all stages of human growth. Yet the students of modern development must ever be grateful that so high a type of human faith has sustained such countless millions of the human race during so many centuries. Back of all its idolatry ["back of" for "behind," we presume], superstition, and wild fancies, many a simple believer must have seen a noble form, bearing the burden of mankind, most "like unto the Son of Man," and through him he has been led to worship, "ignorantly," it may be, the Infinite Father, and to work "righteousness," so far as human weakness permitted, and "hath been accepted with Him" through His infinite mercy.

#### TRANSACTIONS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.\*

THE third part of the Transactions thus far published by the Philological Society consists of papers of which two at least are likely to find readers in a very small section even of special students. The contributions of Prince Lucien Bonaparte and Mr. Russell Martineau deal with matters belonging to the less trodden regions of comparative grammar. The former compares the simple sounds of all the living Slavonic languages with those of the chief neo-Latin and Germano-Scandinavian tongues. These simple Slavonic sounds are 86 in number, 19 of these belonging to each of the 12 Slavonic languages, and the remaining 67 being found either in the majority, or in the minority, or even in a single one of them. The 12 languages examined are the Russian, Little Russian, Illyrian or Servian, Croatian, Slovenian, Bulgarian, Slovakian, Bohemian, Upper Lusatian, Lower Lusatian, Polish, and Baltic Slavonic. The distribution of sounds amongst these dialects varies widely. Lusatian has 56, Russian 52, Polish 50, Baltic 48, Lower Lusatian 47, Slovakian 43, Little Russian and Bohemian each 38, Illyrian and Slovenian each 32, Bulgarian 31, and Croatian 30. Of these sounds, again, 25 are vowels and 61 are consonants. When we take into account the classification of hard and soft vowel sounds, and the many divisions of consonantal sounds, and bear in mind the labour needed to compare all these sounds with those of the chief Latin and Teutonic dialects of Europe, we shall see that Prince Lucien Bonaparte has provided for his readers a banquet likely to be relished only by those whose powers of digestion are the most vigorous.

Mr. Martineau's contribution on the Romansch or Rhaetian language in the Grisons and Tirol is somewhat less abstruse, and forms a valuable chapter in comparative grammar. The use which the Romansch language makes of the parent Latin is in many instances peculiar; one of these peculiarities being the employment of the verb *venire* in the formation of the passive verb. Among curious instances of individual words, Mr. Martineau notices the meaning attached in the Oberland and Romansch dialects to the word *carstian*, *crastian*, used not in the sense of Christian, but simply of man, *carstianadad* denoting nothing more or less than mere humanity. In almost all other languages of Latin origin *book* is denoted by some derivation from *liber*: but of such a word the Romansch has no trace, *book* being *cudisch*, *cudesh*, or *codasch*, the Latin *codex*.

From Mr. Skeat we have a reprint of the only English proclamation of Henry III., October 18, 1258. Mr. Ellis's edition was published in the Philological Society's Transactions for 1868, being edited from a copy preserved in the Public Record Offices, which was at the time thought to be the only copy extant. It turns out that another copy has not only been preserved at Oxford, but printed some years before Mr. Ellis's reproduction. This Oxford copy is mentioned by Dr. Ingram, in his *Memorials of Oxford*, as having been discovered in the archives of the city by Mr. Joy. Dr. Ingram had edited the Old English chronicle and knew the language, and Mr. Skeat speaks of his transcript and translation of a portion of the MS. as tolerably accurate, and as much to be preferred to the very poor versions of the Huntingdonshire copy of the proclamation printed by Mr. Ellis's predecessors, and reproduced in a more elaborate form by Mr. Ellis himself.

Having given an exact description of the present state of the Oxford copy, Mr. Skeat gives the proclamation as set down in this copy, the numbers in the text marking the beginning of each of the twelve lines of the proclamation. A comparison of the two copies furnishes some interesting results. A note at the end of

the Huntingdonshire copy, followed by Mr. Ellis, states that copies "all on the like words" were "sent out to every other shire over all the kingdom of England and also into Ireland." This note forms no proper part of the document, and it does not appear in the Oxford copy. The conclusion seems to be that the copy to which this note was added is the very one that was retained in London as a record of what was proclaimed. The whole number of copies required for all the English and Irish countries was made probably by a company of scribes writing together from dictation. All would be bound to write down the same words; but for the spelling and inflexions each would be personally responsible, and in these matters the fashion of some would vary much from that of others. Mr. Skeat remarks that Simon of Montfort especially intended that the proclamation should be thoroughly understood by the people, and that thus we may be sure that those only would be employed as scribes who were perfectly familiar with English, of which at the time there was no one acknowledged literary dialect. The differences of spelling and inflexion discovered on a comparison of these two copies leads to the conclusion that they follow much more regular laws than might have been expected, and that the spelling and grammar of Middle-English are less capricious and chaotic than they are generally believed to be.

From Mr. Skeat we have also a list of English words which are found in Anglo-French, and which ought, therefore, to be compared with these Anglo-French forms in preference to and before the modern forms of Continental French given by Littré, Roquefort, and others. The value of this list lies partly in the light which it throws on much of modern English spelling, and partly in the very number of Anglo-French forms here brought together. The total is close upon three thousand. Large as it is, Mr. Skeat regards it simply as breaking ground, and holds that it should be added to till the list is nearly half as long again. The list itself he describes as one of modern English words of which equivalent forms are found in certain Anglo-French texts, a few Middle-English words of especial interest being included. The term "modern" is not, probably, to be taken as denoting that the words are all still in current use. Many are virtually obsolete, as *apertly*, *latimer*, *letrure*, *lorimer*, *augurer*; others, as *rivelings*, *asew*, *acate* (in the singular), *argoil*, *gentrice*, are altogether forgotten. But the retention or disuse of words in no way affects the value of a list which serves more purposes than one. If we go back to the English of Ine or of Alfred to throw light on native English words, it must be both more profitable and more necessary to go to the earliest known forms of Anglo-French words for the history of words which may have been brought from French into English. This is the more needful because, as Mr. Skeat reminds us, our modern English system of spelling is based rather upon a French than an English model—a result not surprising if, as is likely, many scribes in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were more familiar with French than with English. The comparison, further, determines the age of many words, about which from other sources we could reach no definite conclusion. Mr. Skeat cites the word "usage," which, so far as its form is concerned, might have been introduced at any period; but its occurrence in the Year-books of Edward I. justifies the surmise that it may be found in English in the early part of the fourteenth century. As it so happens, the word is found in *King Alisaunder*; but it is something to know beforehand that its occurrence was a thing to be looked for.

Among the usages of Anglo-French scribes was that of *w* in the digraphs *ew*, *ow*, *view* and *allow* appearing in the Year-books of Edward I. as *veue* and *alower*. The *ew* and *ow* are not only retained by us in these words, but we have extended the use into native words, the Early English *now* and *knew* appearing in the guise of *now* and *knew*. Our spelling has been further modified by the habit, condemned by Mr. Skeat and Dr. Murray as both unfortunate and insidious, of altering the forms of French words so as to bring them nearer to their Latin originals, this being especially the case during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In all such cases it is satisfactory and instructive to go back to the Anglo-French form. *Congé d'élire* can scarcely be regarded as an English word or term. It is simply an adoption of modern French spelling. The older form used in England is "*conge de elyre*." Under "*melley*" (combat) we have the Anglo-French forms "*medlee*," in the life of Edward the Confessor, of "*medle*" in Langtoft's Chronicle, and of "*medlez*" as a plural in the Political Songs of England, edited by Mr. Wright for the Camden Society. The intermediate "*meslee*," as *melee*, is found in the *Lai d' Havelok*, of the twelfth century. Under "*ease*" we find the Anglo-French forms "*ees*," "*eesse*," "*eise*," "*eyse*," the modern *a* in French not appearing in any of them. A more detailed examination of Mr. Skeat's list cannot fail to convince the reader that the completion of the task begun by him is much to be desired.

Mr. Benjamin Dawson's two papers on New Testament translation bring us nearer to the regions of modern debate and controversy. The first, which is a collection of notes on the *a* of *an*, &c., in the Authorized and Revised Versions of the Bible, exhibits a strange capriciousness in the use of the final nasal before an initial vowel, soft or aspirated. The variations cannot be reduced to any system; and, having abandoned theory after theory by which he had hoped to account for it, Mr. Dawson has come to the conclusion that the differences can be explained only by "the mosaic, conglomerate, piecemeal character of the work." It is with regret that he finds the like differences or inequalities in the

\* Transactions of the Philological Society, 1880-1. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.



Revised Version of the New Testament, which he describes as "a noble work marred by faults, microscopic if you will, but none the less blemishes." In a second paper on "Translations of the New Testament," Mr. Dawson points out a considerable number of such faults; and here his conclusion seems to be that many of them are not altogether microscopic. A few he regards as mistranslations; against more he urges the objection that the phrases used are not the English which Englishmen of this day speak or write. He holds up Tyndale as the model translator who, by a true instinct, seized in almost every case on the precise idiom by which an Englishman, speaking or writing to Englishmen, would be sure to express the thoughts and language of the writers of the New Testament. The revisers, he holds, have in many instances failed to do this, and he "cannot admit that the various points touched on are unimportant." It is needless to cite any of these instances. They are matters for the special consideration of the revisers rather than for readers generally, although the latter will agree probably with Mr. Dawson's main conclusions, and probably also in his strong remarks on the revisers' version of Mark viii. 2, and Matthew xv. 32. But if the object of pointing out mistakes, faults, or blemishes be that the revisers should remove them when they cast their work into its final shape, then he has himself failed to point out some instances in which a second revision seems to be more especially necessary. Of these, one is the treatment of the Lord's Prayer. No change should have been made in the last clause, merely on the ground that such a change was admissible by the usages of Hellenistic Greek. The change made is admissible on this ground, but it is no more than barely admissible. The use of neuter abstracts is common enough in Hellenistic as in other Greek; and the expression in question here is found in Romans xii. 9, while, as it has been well said, St. Paul's apparent paraphrase of the concluding words of the Lord's Prayer, 2 Tim. iv. 18, is still more significant of the meaning attached to the phrase by Christians of the first century. The revisers of 1881, Mr. Dawson believes, will follow the excellent example of those of 1611, and the more so as some adjustment may be rendered desirable, if not imperative, when the new version of the Old Testament appears. He thinks, therefore, that it will be well now if all who are not satisfied with the Revised Version in its present shape should say what they feel and mean. There are at least two or three cases in which the expression of disapproval should take the form of energetic protest.

#### REBER'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.\*

THE progress of the study of archaeology in our days is vividly exemplified in the fact that when Dr. Reber's *Kunstgeschichte des Alterthums* was originally published, twelve years ago, it was considered a work of very considerable importance, and one which comprised, in concise form, all modern discoveries of any importance. It was, in fact, though the American translator omits to say so, a diploma work. In 1869 Dr. Reber had been appointed, at an unusually early age, to the responsible post of Professor of *Æsthetics and Art-History* at the Munich Polytechnikum. There, at the very source and sacred centre of artistic knowledge, it was necessary for him to prove that he was worthy of his promotion; and he occupied the leisure of his two first professorial years in writing, or more properly in compiling, this bulky manual. He has never come forward since with any important contribution to archaeology, and it may be conjectured that he is not an inspired enthusiast so much as a patient student and expositor. The days of the Winckelmanns and the Müllers seem to be over in Germany. At all events, if we may take Dr. Reber to be a type of the new school of antiquaries, the charms of style are eminently wanting to them. As we began by hinting, the work as it originally appeared has now become considerably out of date. It has been revised by the author and by the translator, Mr. J. T. Clarke, who is himself an antiquary, and who has performed his part of the work, as far as we are able to judge, with taste and care.

The enterprise appears to be an American one. At all events, it is a well-known American scholar, a veteran in letters, by whom it is introduced. The reader is predisposed towards a book which is ushered to him by the refined and finished pen of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton. His praise of Dr. Reber's original is unqualified, and indeed he does not scruple to say that, so far as he is aware, there is no manual of ancient art, in any language, so trustworthy and so judicious as this. It is therefore, perhaps, desirable that at the outset we should state of what sections Dr. Reber's book consists. He begins with the art of Egypt, of which he treats in succession the architecture, sculpture, and painting; he proceeds to Chaldaea, Babylonia, and Assyria; to Persia, with the art of the Medes; to Phœnicia, Palestine, and Asia Minor; to Greece, Etruria, and Rome. The field, therefore, is enormous, and it is obvious that it cannot be covered, upon so small a scale, unless very superficially. Nevertheless the author has contrived to compress into something less than five hundred pages an immense mass of information. It is no blame to a volume of this kind to say that it is one of those works which Charles Lamb classified under the heading "Books that are no books." It is unaffectedly educational in its character, and will hardly be taken up by any one who is not about to pass an examination, or who is not eager to obtain the maximum of knowledge with the minimum of labour.

\* *History of Ancient Art.* By Dr. Franz von Reber. Translated and augmented by John Thacker Clarke. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Those pages of Dr. Reber which deal with ancient painting have only to be compared with the first volume of Woltmann and Woermann's abstruse and deliberate, but deeply interesting, *Geschichte der Malerei*, to show the difference between work for schoolboys and the genuine literature of archaeology. In like manner, the chapters dealing with Egyptian art cannot be compared even with Perrot and Chipiez, still less with some of the more scientific treatises on Egyptology. But we take the book for what it pretends to be, and can recommend it within its own modest limitations.

As in almost every archaeological treatise which comes before our notice, a special preface to Dr. Reber's manual gives us the views of his translator on the subject of Greek orthography. The confusion which ensues from the present license in spelling is rapidly becoming unbearable, and we should be very glad to see the scholars of Europe meeting to form some consensus of opinion on the subject. It is a matter which is not confined to ourselves or to the Germans; the French, perhaps, need even more than either of us to revise their practice. Not long ago, M. de Quatrefages, in presiding at the meeting of the French Geographical Society, declared this question to be the one which most loudly called for decision from the archaeologists of the day. M. Louis Wouters also has called attention to it quite recently, and with no less emphasis. More than twenty years ago Victor Duruy, in his *Histoire Grecque Classique*, modified the ruling mode of spelling Greek names very considerably, and the poet M. Leconte de Lisle has carried reform still further. It is not impossible, then, that France may before long be prepared to join England and Germany in adopting some general standard of classical orthography. It is much to be desired, however, that this sensible standard should be obtained without condescension to that ugly and pedantic spelling which has been patronized in this country by some very distinguished names. We regard Loukianos as a perfect travesty of so familiar a friend as Lucian, and the roses of Pæstum would lose half their fragrance if they were grown at Poseidonia. *Acropolis* gains nothing in sound or sense by being spelt *akropolis*, for it is one of the silly phases of the pedants of the phonetic system of spelling that they disregard the fact that a hard *c* possesses all the value of a *k*. Our English *c*, it must be acknowledged, is one of the most anomalous of our letters, and extends its borders too far beyond the limits of the Greek *κάμα* to be safely used on all occasions.

Mr. Clarke or Dr. Reber—for we do not clearly perceive which of them is responsible for the system—adopts, like most recent antiquaries, a middle course. He returns to the original spelling of all words that have not been fully Anglicized. As Mr. Clarke very justly remarks, the blunting and deadening of the sharp Greek terminations by the Latinizing scholars of the Renaissance resembled the mode in which the architects of the same period debased the artistic forms of Greek architecture by a mechanical system of design. But when there came in a partial revision of the spelling of Greek names, the return to the original forms was often vague and incomplete. Polycleitus was given up in favour of Polykletos; but the courage of the reformer seemed to give way before a frank return to Polykleitos. It is only very lately that it has become at all general to write Pheidias, although Phidias was manifestly an impossible form. The principle on which the author and translator appear to have gone seems to us a very good one—namely, that in every case where a return to the original spelling would not be violent and perplexing, as in that case of Poseidonia which we mentioned above, the true Greek orthography should be retained or resumed.

The great pressure on the space at the author's command has led to an undue brevity in some parts of his treatise, and even to the omission of certain important branches of ancient art. We find no place given to the interesting sections of numismatic and glyptic art, yet both of these occupy a very considerable place in our conception of archaeology. If it were only from the prominent place which coins have held in the theoretical restoration of statues, their study would be an important one to all lovers of ancient sculpture. Within the last forty years the application of numismatics to architecture and statuary has been fertile in the most curious and interesting results, and now takes its place as one of the recognized modes in which antique art is to be approached. But this is not the only importance which coins possess in the history of sculpture. They are themselves, in their close succession, a sort of index to the fluctuation of the modeller's talent, and from their rise or decline we may very shrewdly guess the relative condition of fine art from one age to another. The finest coins of the Greeks are those produced at and soon after the age of Pericles, and when the other plastic arts began to decline under the Macedonian dynasties, the decadence became promptly visible in the coins of the Tyrants.

The art of carving precious stones is as little worthy of neglect as that of modelling medals. In glyptic art, still more than in numismatic, we are left at the mercy of our æsthetic sense, for those legends which so often decide the approximate dates of coins are usually wanting upon gems. The science of precious stones must be seriously on the decline since Dr. Reber is content to omit it altogether. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, if such a general treatise as his had been essayed, this branch of the subject would certainly not have suffered, whatever others might have been neglected. Most of us are familiar with those stately folios in which the cardinals and princes of the late Renaissance enshrined the engraved reproductions of their collections of gems—books often too vague and uncritical to

attract much attention from the modern *savant*. The difficulty which surrounds the question of the authenticity of a gem, and the ease and abundance with which this branch of ancient art has been forged, has terrified recent critics and driven them away from a fascinating section of archaeology, to which no doubt they will some day return with avidity. The simplicity of glyptic art among the Greeks was very great, and it remained in a great measure archaic until long after sculpture had arrived at its full maturity. The gems of the decadence are the first which present large decorated surfaces or attempt anything in the least elaborate. Although it is probable that such fine work was to the very last allotted to Greek hands, the richest gems belong to the purely Roman period, and exemplify in their extravagant development the insolent luxury of the Empire. It can easily be understood that in believing himself justified in omitting without excuse the important branches of art which we have mentioned, Dr. Reber did not feel called upon to include goldsmith's or jeweller's work in any shape, or to discuss the minor arts of ornament, the mirrors, strigils, sword-hilts, or bucklers, which responded to the domestic demand among the peoples of antiquity.

The volume is copiously but very rudely illustrated by three hundred and ten coarse woodcuts. As long as these are confined to architecture or to the rougher designs of primitive sculpture, we are not prepared to say that they are not useful and appropriate in the absence of what is better. But when we come to the masterpieces of Greek and Roman art, where the element of beauty is so essential to a conception of the work, it is difficult to decide whether such imperfect symbols are of use to the student or not. It is particularly in the reproductions of the more famous metopes that we are struck by the entire inadequacy of the woodcuts. The famous Atlas and Heracles group from the Cella of the Great Temple at Olympia, given on p. 319, is simply caricatured, and that from Selinous, on p. 328, is still worse, because more ambitious. We fancy that in all these cases it would be better if those whose business it is to produce books of this kind would curb their ambition, and consent to give up quantity for the sake of quality. A few typical pieces of sculpture, carefully engraved in outline, would give a much more favourable as well as more exact idea of the objects illustrated, than this crowded assemblage of coarse prints.

### THREE MINOR NOVELS.\*

**MR. PHILLIMORE** has not, we think, been quite so successful in *Only a Black Box* as in *Uncle Z.*, chiefly because of an error in scale. *Uncle Z.* was a short book, but then it had a short subject and few characters. *Only a Black Box* is also a short book, consisting of one volume only, with not much more in it than some volumes which go in sets of three, and it has a rather ambitious plot, interest of a complicated kind, and numerous and varied characters. There are two different mysterious young women whose parentage has to be traced; there is a mysterious colonel who has to be converted from pessimist views of life and religion by an earnest curate; there is a comic Scotch doctor who has got to make himself prominent and to be provided for in matrimonial and other fashions. And, lastly, there is the best character in the book, Mr. Raybrook, the earnest curate's rector, and a personage of distinction and interest, who is (according to a very bad habit which besets some novelists, especially in their beginnings) introduced chiefly, as it would appear, to wring the reader's bosom by dying. For what reason he dies it is impossible to say, for it is not in the least necessary to the plot that he should do so. Furthermore, the scene is changed with great frequency, and at least some attempts at local colour are made at each scene shifting. An English seaport town, a moor in the South Scottish hill country, the department of the Creuse in France, which is certainly not the most frequented of French departments—all these places are visited by turns. This is an extensive allowance of material for a one-volume story, and the consequence of it is that the reader feels, in the American sense of the word, somewhat "crowded," by the time the earnest curate has made his convert and secured his beautiful and mysteriously interesting lady-love, the Scotch doctor has been accommodated with the other young woman (who reminds us rather of Harriet in *Emma*), the rector is killed off, and the other arrangements are completed. Nevertheless, *Only a Black Box* is much better and more interesting than most books of its kind. It is well written, only occasionally prosy or goody, and still possesses that freshness which characterizes the better work of the amateur or beginner in novel-writing, but which almost always disappears from the work of all regular writers of fiction except a few of prodigious genius.

We cannot say that there is much freshness about *Unspotted from the World*, though there is a certain knack and "go," together with a good deal of pathos, which is, however, not very healthy or genuine. Mrs. Godfrey is one of a very large class of novelists of a certain cleverness who, observing or supposing that a particular conception of society and novel-writing is popular,

etermine to go in for popularity. The literary part of the matter they manage by faithfully copying some preposterous tricks of style, such as the writing of whole chapters or whole volumes in the *præterit historicum*. The proper social atmosphere is compassed by the adoption of an entirely conventional view of society, in which the ingredients may be said to be birth, blood, beauty, depravity, and the Divorce Court. Mrs. Godfrey is not one of the worst offenders in this last respect; but the view of society she gives in the relations between Psyche and her lover on the one hand, and Psyche and her grandmother on the other, is fortunately as purely conventional as it is wholly unhealthy. It is a very stale and a very inartistic trick to represent society as worse than it is, and it is most inartistic of all when the representation is obviously at second, third, or twentieth hand. Mrs. Godfrey's frisky matrons and her languid swells, her intriguing grandmothers and her selfish fathers, are all men and women of straw. Their materials have been transferred from one figure to another through scores of books, just as the stuffing of the beasts in the Natural History Museum is popularly feigned to pass through generations of bodies. Even the good characters—the honest and chivalrous Sir John, who is Psyche's good angel (Cecil Darrell is her bad one), and the angelic, self-sacrificing sister, who would like to marry Sir John, and does not—are, in the same way, things of shreds and patches. They are rather better than the black division, because it is not the habit of this class of novelist to introduce many good characters, and therefore the conventionality is not so rigidly fixed. But they have only a feeble and rickety life in them, while the bad people have for the most part no real life at all. As for Psyche, who is neither good nor bad, she is rather better than either. The beautiful fool is not merely a character of convention but a character of fact, and Mrs. Godfrey has some skill in portraying the beautiful fool. There is much too much of her. Her silly little griefs and joys and follies and escapades and flutters and fancies are dwelt on till the reader begins to feel a most strong desire for the appearance of the word *Finis* or "The End." But there are touches of nature about her—touches which, as in the author's other work, show that, if she would pitch her worthless models into the fire, clear her mind of all conventional and traditional cant about the failings of society, and write a plain tale of something she has really seen or honestly imagined, it might be worth reading.

The writer who calls himself "Asmodeus" has this in common with Mrs. Godfrey, that he takes a dreadfully gloomy view of the manners and morals of society. The picture which he draws of the officers of the British army, "pampered at school, more pampered at college" (where, by the way, only an infinitesimal proportion of them go), and then devoting themselves entirely to the *chasse des mariées et des renards*, is intensely amusing to any one who has an actual knowledge of mess-rooms and who knows how rare an animal the fatal and irresistible *sabreur* of Ouida and Asmodeus is in those apartments. We cannot conceive why Asmodeus should call Blanche Amory "an Occidental beauty," unless it was that she was born in the East; and the term "eyry" for the nests of waterfowl, which invariably lie as snug and low as the birds can make them, is certainly a rather daring neologism, though it may have etymological justification. We do not know why Asmodeus, who though, as has been pointed out, he is a little fluky in his use of the finer graces of language, can write very tolerable downright English when he likes, should treat us to such a passage as this:—"He was not content de s'occuper this gallant Captain, he had not won the steeplechase, he had not effected a lodgment in the heart of Miss Parker, he was vaincu in both instances, and to be vaincu was by no means à son gré." Moreover, Asmodeus takes considerable liberties with probability in the course of his story, and his chronology requires a kind of minor Fynes Clinton to adjust it satisfactorily. Nevertheless, it is possible to read *Kate* with considerably more interest than most novels, even though the author has introduced an abduction scene which, however well in keeping with the manners of a century ago, is utterly out of keeping with those of the present day. The reader must put straitlaced considerations of anachronism out of sight, must be content to smile benevolently at Asmodeus's occasional blunders in fine language, and his more than occasional lavishness of French, and must be amiable enough not to ask whether the existence of a group of three young men and two young women, who appear to associate *en tout bien tout honneur* (as Asmodeus would say) with each other in London, without chaperon or other encumbrance, is on the whole likely. He must not ask whether the late Mr. Adam was very likely to talk confidentially on the secrets of the 1880 election with a country lawyer (not previously known to him) who must, as far as we can make it out, have been about four-and-twenty; whether steeplechases, after the heavy work is over, usually have a finish "at Derby pace," which is won by a horse taken out of the shafts of a cab, with a lawyer's clerk on his back. He must not even interrogate himself as to whether Flaxman, whom he has been brought up to regard as a sculptor of some eminence, really rode in the famous match between Voltigeur and The Flying Dutchman, and whether Asmodeus was not thinking of Flatman. Inquiries on this head would be all the more impertinent in that Asmodeus, or rather the lawyer's clerk Marris, is so well up in Turf matters that he familiarly speaks of Voltigeur as "Volty," though he (Marris) can hardly have been born in those days. The reader must "care for nothing" of this carping kind; he must say, "All shall go." And then he will find *Kate* a not

\* *Only a Black Box*. By Greville Phillimore. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

*Unspotted from the World*. By Mrs. W. Godfrey. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

*Kate*. By Asmodeus. London: City of London Publishing Company.



unamusing story, with several sketches of character, much lively incident, and a heroine who misses but by a little being a heroine of unusual merit. The girl, who is a flirt and a schemer by education and necessity, but a good woman "back of that," as the Americans would say, has been not unfrequently attempted by novelists, but never perhaps with thorough success. Asmodeus's Kate Parker is spoilt by the author's evident inexperience or insufficient power of observation of the real world, and by his acceptance of convention. But she is very much better imagined than most of her sisters. When she has married the clever self-made Marris, who, partly by his brains and partly by a not too scrupulous practice of assisting and correcting fortune, has come from nothing to be a solicitor in large practice, Town Clerk of an important borough, and possessor of an estate whereon coal is oddly enough found immediately after his purchase of it, her behaviour to him is very cleverly managed. He is desperately in love with her, and she is not at all in love with him, while she has a decided kindness for a married *roué*, Colonel Delamoore, the fatal *sabreur* above mentioned. But her conduct is irreproachable, and in the final scenes of Marris's life the author has gone near to showing real power. In many of the minor characters there is this evidence of power as yet not very well directed. The book begins with a very unreal school fight which seems to have been suggested by the famous combat in *Contarini Fleming*, though the details are not like. It ends—but it is perhaps unnecessary to say how it ends. As there is real pathos and almost real tragedy in the death of Marris, the chief comic character, a friend and brother officer of Delamoore's, who is not, like Delamoore, a mere stage colonel, contains a good deal that is really comic. These flashes, and the fact that, though much of the sentiment of the book is conventional, its whole character is decidedly unlike that of most novels of the present day, may reconcile the reader of catholic appreciation not only to its numerous absurdities, but to not a few instances of bad taste.

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The WINTER SESSION will commence on Monday, October 1, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by W. H. BENNETT, Esq., F.R.C.S., at 4 P.M.—A Prospectus of the School, and further information, may be obtained by personal application between One and Three P.M., or by letter addressed to the DEAN of the Hospital.

## THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Mile End, E.—The SESSION 1883-84 will commence on Monday, October 1, 1883. The Prizes for the past Session, and the Nursing Probationers' Prizes, will be distributed on Tuesday, October 9, at 4 P.M., by Professor HUXLEY, F.R.S., who will also make an Address, after which there will be a Conversation, to which all past and present Students are invited. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £20, £20, £20, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 10 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Five House-Surgeons, and One Accoucheurship; Two Dressers and two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.

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For detailed information regarding Courses of Study, Degrees, &c. application should be made to the REGISTRAR.

A. T. BENTLEY, M.A., Registrar.

## THE MASON SCIENCE COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

SESSION 1883-84.

## DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ARTS.

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